Chiaroscuro, 1909

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THE CHIAROSCURO

VOLUME III

1909

Published by the Senior Class of the Alabama Girls Industrial School

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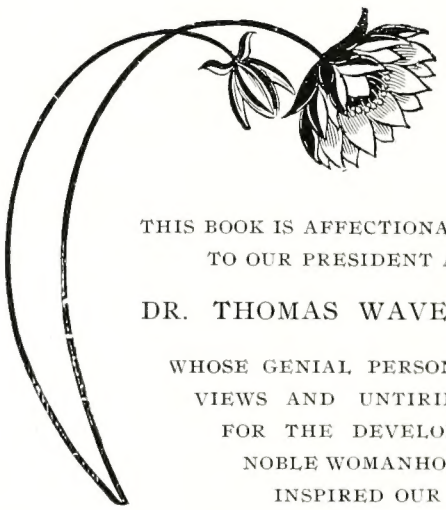
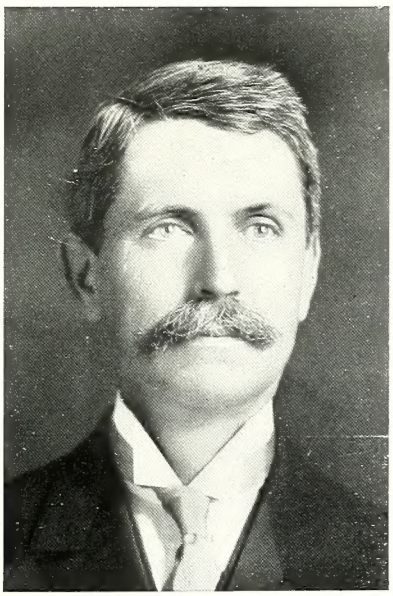


THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO OUR PRESIDENT AND FRIEND

DR. THOMAS WAVERLY PALMER

WHOSE GENIAL PERSONALITY, BROAD
VIEWS AND UNTIRING EFFORTS
FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF
NOBLE WOMANHOOD HAVE
INSPIRED OUR WORK



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SENIORS

Preface

"WHAT'S HAPPENED twice must happen thrice," and so the Chiaroscuro appears again. The general plan of the book is not to give any needed information or intellectual discipline to our readers, but only to picture the lights and shadows of our school life. We do not even attempt to interpret and dignify our daily routine at school, but portray life as it really is. We trust that the contents are of sufficient interest to receive more than a passing glance.

Thus, dear reader, we present to you this volume of 1909; in no sense do we consider it a production without faults; it is only when we measure its imperfections by our purse, talents, and efforts that we feel willing to pass it on. Take it, we pray, and make the most of it for our sakes.

To the teachers and girls who have aided us so cheerfully we extend our sincere thanks.

Falling Rock

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Business Manager	Corrie Hall
Assistant Business Manager	Lillian Baker
Class Editor	Mabel L. Jones
Club Editor	Mabel Gray
Advertising Manager	Helen Carnathan
Local Advertising Manager	Ione Crowe
Humorist	Mary Smith
Art Editors	Emma Long Mary Cameron
Typist	Florence Dixon

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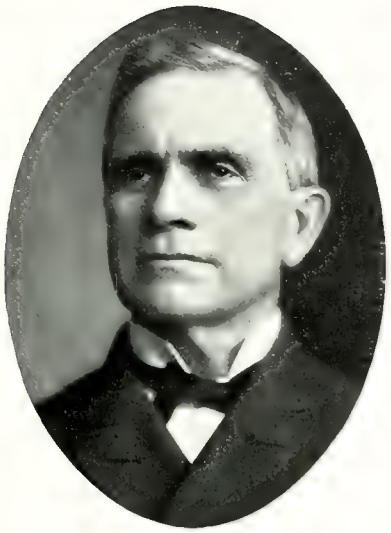


Braxton Bragg Comer, son of Fletcher and Katherine Drewry Comer, born Nov. 7, 1848, in Barbour County. Studied at the University of Alabama and University of Georgia. Graduated with honors from Emory and Henry College, Virginia, in 1872. Inaugurated Governor State of Alabama, 1907. Governor Comer has proved himself a friend of education. He is known throughout the country as a "School Governor." On March 4, 1907, he signed House Bill 467, the A. G. I. S. Appropriation Bill.

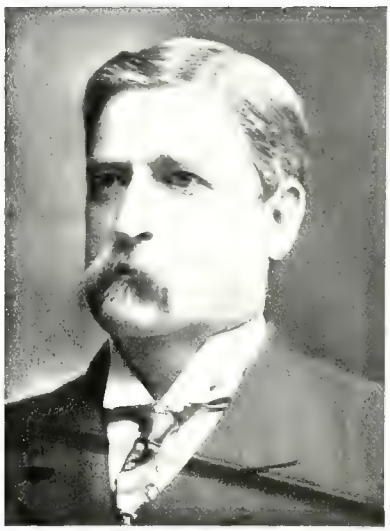
Harry C. Gunnels, son of Daniel R. and Susan Cunningham Gunnels, born at Oxford, Alabama, October, 1868. Received college education at Oxford College and Vanderbilt University, and professional education at the University of Alabama. Elected State Superintendent of Education in 1906. Ex-officio Member Board of Trustees Girls' Industrial School.

William E. W. Yerby, born and reared at Greensboro, Alabama. Educated in public schools and at the Southern University at Greensboro. Appointed Trustee of Alabama Girls' Industrial School in 1907.

Solomon D. Bloch, son of Daniel W. and Jannetta Kahn Bloch, born at Camden, Alabama, January 16, 1855. Educated at common schools. Studied law under Col. R. H. Dawson, of Camden, but did not make law his profession. While member of the Alabama Senate of 1892, prepared and introduced the bill to establish the Alabama Girls' Industrial School. Has held the office of Trustee of this school since its establishment.

SAMUEL WILL JOHN, son of Joseph Reed and Rosa Jane Smith John, born in 1845 at Uniontown, Alabama. Attended school at the University of Alabama. Read law under his father. Trustee of Alabama Insane Hospital, of Department of Archives and History, and of the Alabama Girls' Industrial School since June, 1899.

MALCOLM A. GRAHAM, son of Malcolm Daniel and Amelia Ready Graham. Born 1859, at Henderson, Texas. Educated at private schools in Montgomery and at the University of Alabama. Trustee of Alabama Girls' Industrial School.

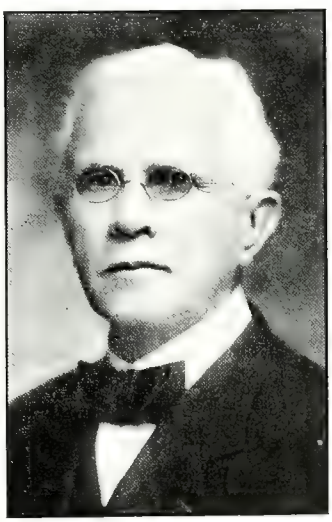


Augustus H. Alston, born in Georgia, moved to Alabama after the war between the States. Is the first Supernumerary Judge of the State of Alabama. Appointed Trustee of the Alabama Girls' Industrial School by Governor Oates.

Hurieosco Austill, born in Mobile, Alabama, February 16, 1843. Graduated at the University of Alabama in 1861. Joined the Confederate Army and served through the war. Has resided in Mobile since. Appointed Trustee of the Alabama Girls' Industrial School by Governor Oates.

James C. Kumpe, born at La Grange, Colbert County, Alabama. Graduated from Law Department of Cumberland University, at Lebanon, Tennessee, in 1874. Practiced law at Moulton, Alabama, from 1874 to 1886. Since 1886 has served as Judge of Probate Court of Lawrence County. Appointed Trustee of Alabama Girls' Industrial School in 1907.

Hugh S. D. Mallory, son of James and Ann Maria Mallory. Born February 6, 1848, in Talladega County, Alabama. Educated in country schools, Male High School at Talladega, and University of Alabama. Graduated from Law Department of University of Virginia. Practices law in Selma, Alabama. Has held many public offices in State and is now holding many positione of note. Trustee of Alabama Girls' Industrial School.



JOSIAH THOMAS MANGUM, born in Greenville, Alabama, April 13, 1876. Educated in public schools and at Southern University at Greensboro and Auburn. Studied law in Selma. By the Selma District Conference of the M. E. Church, South, Alabama Conference, he was licensed to preach. Appointed Trustee from the Fourth Congressional District in 1907.

W. W. HARALSON, born in Lebanon, Alabama, January 11, 1861. Educated in public schools and at Cumberland University of Tennessee. Studied law at University of Alabama. Member of Legislature, 1900-1901. Judge of the Ninth Judicial District. Appointed Trustee from Seventh Congressional District in 1907.

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NELLIE KETTELL	Nurse
ALICE MELLOWN	Assistant Nurse
ALICE SEARCY WYMAN	Librarian
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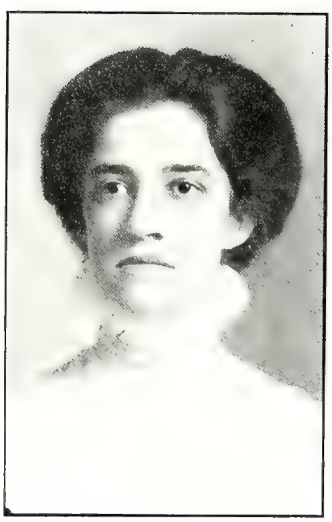

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NELLIE KETTELL

RENA COOKE

ERNESTINE GROTE

LAURA M'ALPINE

QUINTILLA HENRY

As We Would Like It

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Misses Young, Stallworth, Halbert, Brooke, Overton, Stephens, Pinkston, Franklin, Lambert, Mr. Chestnutt.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. CHAPEL. 9 A. M.

(Services over. Teachers hurry to class rooms.)

MISS LAMBERT (advancing to front of stage, tapping bell): "Young ladies, I am so glad to announce to you this morning that we will have no more practicing of songs. I realize that with such excellent voices as you have, I can risk you on any occasion without further practice." (Applause.)

"Before I go I will read this announcement that Miss Stephens has just handed me." (Reads):

"Miss Stephens will be glad for all the girls to come to the chapel at 4:00 o'clock this afternoon to hear a very important announcement. Of course, this is not compulsory. You may come *if you like.*" (Exit.)

(Enter Miss Pinkston and Miss Halbert. 9:15 bell rings.)

MISS PINKSTON: "Well, girls." (Pause. Girls, alert, anxiously awaiting to hear.) "I want you to give me all those free-hand sketches that I looked over the other day. I couldn't decide which one was the best, so I will just send them all to the Fair. I am real proud of my department this year, for I think it is a credit to the school. I will go around to your rooms tonight to get them." (Exit.)

(Chapel monitor advances to front. Musician goes to piano. Miss Halbert steps forward. Girls look interested.)

MISS HALBERT: "I haven't much time, but I must tell you about a series of dramatic recitals that my department has planned to give. We hope to make them all interesting, but the last one will be especially attractive, since it will be decidedly a love scene. It runs something like this:" (Reads last part of "Little Minister.")

(9:45 bell rings. Miss Halbert stops suddenly. Applause. Girls march out to class rooms.)

SCENE 2. MISS YOUNG'S ROOM, SENIOR ENGLISH.

MISS YOUNG: "What is our lesson for today?"

SENIOR: "Why, Miss Young, we had our twelve-page themes to bring in today. Do you wish me to take them up?"

MISS YOUNG: "Well, I don't particularly care to look over them, for I think I can trust the Seniors. All I ask you to do is to put them in your archives, as I may want them for exhibition commencement."

FAITHFUL SENIOR: "Miss Young, I spent the whole study hall last night trying to get Dante's ideas of hereafter, but I didn't succeed."

MISS YOUNG: "Well, girls, when I give you these references, you needn't spend any time on them. I merely mention them to you by way of sugges-

tion. Take out your tablets now; I want to give you some notes. In fact, I will give you no more assigned lessons to prepare in English. We will take notes in class every day for the remainder of the year."

Scene 3. Miss Stallworth's Room. Senior Trigonometry.

(Miss Stallworth calls roll.)

Miss Stallworth: "I believe we take up today the function of angles expressed by lines."

Girls (chorus): "Yes'm."

(Miss S. goes to the board, draws circles and necessary angles.)

Miss S: "Now, we wish to prove sinx=cos. y, do we not, *Miss* ——?"

Miss ——: "I think so, Miss Stallworth."

Miss S.: "Well, —ab=sin x, and ab=cos. y."

(Girls' response—slowly fading away—"Sin x=ab, cos. y=ab.)

Miss S.: "Well, we've proved it then, by what axiom?—Yes, by axiom 1."

(Bell rings.)

Miss S.: "Why, girls, we didn't get over our lesson! But I won't make you come back after school. I'll just come back myself and work them out for you and put them on the bulletin board. That's all. You had a good lesson!"

Scene 4. Dormitory. Miss Overton.

Miss O.: "To eat, or not to eat: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in my mind to go to the table
And eat grits and hash,
Or to remain in my room and do without.
To starve, to eat no more, to die:
Aye, there's the rub!
For then no books would be well kept,
No schedules handed in correct.
Ah, well, life is but a dream
And things are not what they seem!
So of grits and hash will I partake,
And happy be————————for my own sake!"

Scene 5. Dormitory. Dinner Time.

(Girls march into the dining room. Blessing is asked.)

Miss Franklin: "Young ladies, I feel that I should tell you how gratified I am over your excellent table etiquette and general behavior at all entertainments. If you will look under your plates, you will each find a little surprise. Miss Smith, will you please read yours, so that all may get the benefit of what I wish to tell you?"

(Miss Smith reads):

"*Miss Franklin*
At Home 7:30-9.
Dormitory Parlors."

(Applause.)

Scene 6. Laboratory. Senior Chemistry.

Mr. Chestnutt: "What is the lesson today?"

Girls: "About Sulphur and Nitrogen."

Mr. C.: "I believe I promised to make some laughing gas for you, so I'll make that first.

(Mr. C. performs experiment.)

SENIOR: "Mr. C., you told us yesterday, in Plant Study, that you would show us how to make those cuttings today."

MR. C.: "I believe I did promise to do that, so instead of having Chemistry today, we will make the cuttings. You may not be interested in cuttings now, but you may be interested some day in some one who *is* interested in cuttings!"

(Girls look guilty.)

MR. C.: "So we will take Plant Study instead of Chemistry for the remainder of the year, as I consider it of more practical importance."

SCENE 7. MISS BROOKE'S ROOM. SENIOR PSYCHOLOGY.

(Seniors all look wise.)

MISS B.: "Any questions? If not, I have a selection from Baldwin to read, showing the power of the mind to picture concrete images." (Reads.) "Now, does any one think of another selection that illustrates this point?"

SENIOR: Miss Brooke, wouldn't the selection beginning, 'O, the smell of that jasmine flower,' be an example?"

MISS B.: "Yes, a very good illustration."

SENIOR: "Miss B., when are we going to have our examination in Psychology?"

MISS B.: "After considering the matter, I have decided not to give you an examination in Psychology. I think Psychology is a practical thing and if it doesn't function in every day life, it has failed to accomplish its purpose. So I only wish you to keep in mind these Psychological principles you have learned, and use them whenever necessary. Remember that they are 'not by any manner of means unimportant!'"

SENIOR: "Miss B., tell us about our test papers."

MISS B.: "You all got such excellent marks that I have just mailed papers to Dr. Thorndyke!"

(Seniors happily excited.)

SCENE 8. CHAPEL.

(Girls assembled from recitations.)

MISS STEPHENS (all smiles):

"Young ladies of the A. G. I. S., give me your attention.
I come to please you, not to worry you.
The good that a thing does is always remembered,
The evil is sometimes forgotten:
So let it be with the uniform.
Some have said we must wear the uniform on all occasions,
And they are intelligent people;
So are we all, all intelligent people.
But here, under leave of the
President of the school,
I come to announce
That the uniform—has been changed." (Applause.)

CURTAIN FALLS.

Seniors

Motto—"To the higher thru the hard."

Colors—Green and Gold. *Flower*—Marechal Niel Rose.

Officers

JONES, VESTA . . . . . President
DAVIS, ELLEN . . . . . Vice-President
HALL, CORRIE . . . . . Secretary
CARNATHAN, HELEN . . . . . Treasurer
WILLIAMS, MYRA . . . . . Historian
CAMERON, MARY . . . . . Prophet
JONES, MABEL LOUISE . . . . . Poet
LONG, EMMA . . . . . Artist
CROWE, IONE . . . . . Critic
JONES, KATHLEEN . . . Musician

Members

AGEE, ELIZABETH PRUDENCE.....Sweet Water, Marengo County
LILLIAN BAKER ..... Goodwater, Coosa County
CAMERON, MARY LOUISE.....Mt. Hebron, Greene County
CARNATHAN, HELEN BRUISTER.....Butler, Choctaw County
COLLINS, NELLIE.....Warrior, Jefferson County
CROWE, LINNIE IONE.....Montevallo, Shelby County
DAVIS, ELLEN.....Kellyton, Coosa County
DIXON, FLORENCE.....Route No. 6, Andalusia, Covington County
GAY, EUNICE.....Lineville, Clay County
GRAY, MABEL CLARA ..... Butler, Choctaw County
HALL, CORRIE BESS ..... Tensaw, Baldwin County
JONES, JULIA KATHLEEN.....Rockford, Coosa County
JONES, VESTA LOVE.....Rockford, Coosa County
JONES, MABEL LOUISE.....Springville St. Clair County
KILLINGSWORTH, MAUDE LEE.....Route No. 2, Montevallo, Shelby County
LONG, EMMA.....Bigbee, Washington County
MIMS, CLARA BUSH.....Caledonia, Wilcox County
MOORE, MARGARET BELLE.....Route No. 2, Montevallo, Chilton County
MCCLURKIN, LILLIE.....Caledonia, Wilcox County
SMITH, MARY.....Prattville, Autauga County
SMITH, WINNIE DAVIS.....Dadeville, Tallapoosa County
WILLIAMS, MYRA EVELYN.....Brundidge, Pike County

Seniors in Babyland

Vesta Love Jones.

GENERAL COURSE.

"Some are and must be greater than the rest."

Secretary Schumann Society, '07-08; Historian of Castalian Literary Society, '07-08; President of Castalian Literary Society, '08; honorary member of Ate Ho Ate Club, '09; member of Kodaking Club, '09; member of Senior Tennis Club; member of Y. W. C. A.; Head Monitor of Student Government; Editor-in-Chief of Chiaroscuro; President of Senior Class, '09.

Ellen Davis.

GENERAL COURSE.

"Perfect woman nobly planned to warn, to comfort, and command."

President of Class, '05-06; President of Alpha Club, '06-07; Class President, '06-07; Critic of Emma Hart Willard Club, '07; member of Student Council, '08; Vice-President of Class, '08-09; Associate Editor of Chiaroscuro, '08-09; Secretary of Emma Hart Willard, '09; President of Student Council, '09; member of Kodaking Club, '09; member of Tutwiler Club, '09; member of Y. W. C. A., '09; member of Senior Basketball Team; Treasurer of Emma Hart Willard Club, '09; President of Class, '07-08.

Corrie Bess Hall.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

"A rosebud set with little willful thorns."

Secretary of Class, '07-08; Secretary of Class, '08-09; Business Manager of Chiaroscuro, '08-09; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., '08-09; member of Kodaking Club, '09; member of Basketball Team, '09.

Helen Carnathan.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

"As just as a pearl,
And as perfect a noble and innocent girl."

Chairman of Entertaining Committee of Class, '07-08; member of Basketball Team, '07-08, '08-09; Treasurer of Castalian Literary Society, '08; Treasurer of Class, '08-09; Advertising Manager Chiaroscuro, '09.

Prudie Agee.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

Bible Study Leader, '08-09; member of Philomathic Literary Society, '08-09; member of Kodaking Club, '09; member of Croquet Club, '09; Mission Study Leader, '09.

LILLIAN BAKER.

ENGLISH COURSE.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."

Chairman Finance Committee of Y. W. C. A., '08-09; Treasurer of Castalian Literary Society, '08-09; Chairman of Membership Committee of Y. W. C. A., '07-08; member of Student Council, '09; Assistant Business Manager of Chiaroscuro, '09.

MARY CAMERON.

ENGLISH COURSE.

"And if she will, she will, and you may depend on't;
But if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."

Member of Tutwiler Club, '07-08; Critic of Brush and Pencil Club, '07-08; Captain of Basketball Team, '07-08; Historian of Tutwiler Club, '08-09; Historian of Emma Hart Williard Club, '08-09; Class Prophet, '08-09.

IONE CROWE.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

"Fashioned so slenderly, young, and so fair."

Class Critic, '07-08, '08-09; Historian of Emma Hart Willard Club, '07-08; member of Basketball Team, '08-09; member of Castalian Literary Society, '08-09.

Nellie Collins.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

"A gentle maid, whose large, loving eyes
Enshrine a tender, melancholy light."

President of Philomathic Literary Society, '08-09; member of Kodaking Club, '08-09; member of Senior Croquet Club, '08-09

Florence Dixon.

ENGLISH COURSE.

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet."

Member of Cap-a-Pie Stenography Club, '05-06; Treasurer of Emma Hart Willard Club, '06-07; member of St. Cecelia Music Club, '07-08; Vice-President of Philomathic Literary Society, '08-09; member of Kodaking Club, '09; member of Y. W. C. A., '08-09; member of Membership Committee of Y. W. C. A., '06-07; member of Room Committee of Y. W. C. A., '07-08; member of Intercollegiate Committee, '08-09

Eunice Gay.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

"A winsome, wee thing."

Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., '08-09; Chairman of Devotional Committee of Y. W. C. A., '08-09; Manager of Croquet Club, '09; member of Kodaking Club, '09; Bible Study Leader, '09; member of Castalian Literary Society, '08-09; Associate Editor of Chiaroscuro, '08-09.

MABEL GRAY.

ENGLISH COURSE.

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying."

Secretary of Castalian Literary Society, '08-09; Vice-Chairman of Student Council, '08-09; Chairman of Room Committee of Y. W. C. A., '08-09; Manager of Basketball Team, '08-09; Club Editor of Chiaroscuro, '09.

JULIA KATHLEEN JONES.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

"Kathleen! Ah! there is a refreshing cadence about the very sound, and there is a cluster of golden hopes about the name which give to it a charm and sweetness all its own."

Historian of Sophomore Class, '06-07; member of Y. W. C. A., '08-09; Secretary of Castalian Literary Society, '08-09; member of Senior Croquet Club; Musician of Senior Class, '09.

MABEL LOUISE JONES.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

"Even tho' vanquished, she could argue still."

Treasurer of Class, '07-08; Secretary and Treasurer of Alabama Student's Conference, '09; Critic of Tutwiler Club, '08-09; President of S. S. Normal Training Class, '08-09; Chairman of Intercollegiate Committee of Y. W. C. A., '08-09.

Maude Lee Killingsworth.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

"Ah! the noblest and wisest of us all."

Member of the Emma Hart Willard Club, '08-09; member of Philomathic Literary Society, '08-09; member of Kodaking Club, '08-09; member of Y. W. C. A., '08-09.

Emma Long.

ENGLISH COURSE.

"A stately brunette with silken darkly flowing tresses."

President of Art Club, '06-07; Vice-President of Class, '06-07; Historian of Castalian Literary Society, '08-09; Chairman of Poster Committee of Y. W. C. A., '07-08; Art Editor of Chiaroscuro, '08-09.

Clara Mims.

ENGLISH COURSE.

"There is none like her, none."

Member of St. Celia Music Club, '08-09; Historian of Philomathic Literary Society, '08-09; member of Kodaking Club, '09; member of Croquet Club, '09; member of Y. W. C. A., '09.

LILLIE MCCLURKIN.

ENGLISH COURSE.

"A lily of purity."

Member of Y. W. C. A., '08-09; member of Kodaking Club, '08-09; member of Tennis Club, '08-09; active member of Philomathic Literary Society, '08-09.

MARGARET MOORE.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

"Maiden with meek brown eyes
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies."

Chairman of Room Committee of Schumann Music Society, '07-08; member of Castalian Literary Society, '07-08; member of Intercollegiate Committee of Y. W. C. A., '07-08; member of Finance Committee of Y. W. C. A., '08-09.

MARY SMITH.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

"A rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."

Member of Y. W. C. A., '07-08, '08-09; Critic of Castalian Literary Society, '08-09; Joke Editor of Chiaroscuro, '08-09; Mission Study Leader, '08-09; member of Senior Basketball Team, '08-09.

Winnie Davis Smith.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

"Fair-haired, high-souled, queenly girl."

Member of Basketball Team, '07-08; member of Y. W. C. A., '07-08; Chairman of Finance Committee of Class, '07-08; member of Social Committee of Y. W. C. A., '08-09; Vice-President of Castalian Literary Society, '08-09; member of Kodaking Club, '08-09.

Myra Williams.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

"A sweet girl graduate with golden hair."

Poet of Class, '05-06; Prophet of Class, '06-07; Historian of Class, '07-08; Secretary of Emma Hart Willard Club, '06-07; Chairman of Social Committee of Class, '07-08, '08-09; Chairman of Social Committee of Y. W. C. A., '08-09; Historian of Class, '08-09; President of Julia Strudwick Tutwiler Club, '08-09; Vice-President of Emma Hart Willard Club, '08-09.

Senior Class Poem

In 1905 we called the band
Of flowers great and flowers small;
The blossoms came, all hand in hand,
The rose so sweet, the lily tall.

This court was called for us to choose
An emblem fitting for our class,
To pilot us to win or lose
Through future years into the last.

One flower from each clan did come
To gain for her's this lasting name,
And carry with her to her home,
Upon her brow, this wreath of fame.

The court was called, the purpose read,
Each graceful bloom her name did tell;
And then upon White Clover's head
The wreath of fame so gently fell.

Dear Clover, bunch of blossoms white,
So modest and so pure and sweet,
Oh, may it give us hope and might
To grapple with the toils we meet.

"A motto we must choose today."
Then cried a gentle maiden voice:
"This was not very hard to say,
For all the class agreed in choice."

And may this motto prove to each
A sign of hope through all her life;
Until to heaven at last she reach
A place so free from care and strife.

Henceforth we'll toil unceasingly,
Our efforts we will not retard;
And thus our motto ever be,
Just "To the higher through the hard."

Senior Characteristics

If I Were Not Myself, Who I Would Rather Be

If I were not myself and had a chance to change, as I go out to mingle with the known and unknown, I would like to be a broad and deep-minded Psychologist. Then I could explain to the human race the science of human nature.

LILLIAN BAKER.

Shakespeare says: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." For my part, if I were not myself, I would rather be the champion basketball player of the world.

MABEL GRAY.

Before a lonely little log cabin on the hill I see a picture of myself, as I would like to be. A sweet old lady with hair of silvery whiteness, eyes of tenderest blue, sits with palette and brushes in her hand silently dreaming over an unfinished landscape.

WINNIE SMITH.

The thing I long for most in life
  Is to be an author of renown;
To write a book to calm the strife,
  Or cause a furor in the town.

MABEL L. JONES.

Of all the things I'd rather be,
  A caricaturist charms me most;
No other field of art to me,
  Can so well please, can so much boast.

MARY CAMERON.

If I were not myself, I would like to be Vesta, the goddess of the hearth. How grand it would be to have a seat on Olympus and to enjoy the choicest viands of the feast, and in the temple of the gods on earth to be reverenced as the oldest and worthiest of Olympian deities! If I could only occupy that position, there would be no wanderings from home, no aching hearts; but, instead, the flames of contentment, truth and love should burn always in every life.

VESTA LOVE JONES.

If I were not what I am, I would rather be a teacher of mathematics; then I could prove to the world that right angles of 360° can be trisected and circles squared.

MARGARET MOORE

The person that clings to my inner consciousness and creates within me a longing for a change that will put me in her place, is tall and stately, always wearing that cultured, refined expression which tells of her high conception of pure and noble womanhood. Her character has been so harmoniously developed that her grandness in itself does seem simple and unassuming. She is cosmopolitan in her ideas and acts, always striving to reach out into the slums of degradation and to help some poor soul to grasp its true inheritance. In her views she is broad and just, allowing others the same privileges that she herself enjoys. So high and purposeful are her efforts, and so lofty her aims, that if there are those who at first misunderstand her, they will at last realize her motives, and "rise up and call her blessed."

ELLEN DAVIS.

It would please me if the Fates had decreed that I should be a professor of Latin at Oxford University. Should this be against their will, would that they had made me a nightingale, to soar through the ethereal regions and transform this world into a heavenly vale where joy and music reign supreme.

MYRA EVELYN WILLIAMS.

My greatest desire in life would be to fill the position of librarian in a large city library.

HELEN CARNATHAN.

If I were not myself, I think I would rather be the greatest violinist known in all the world. I would like to make such music as would rouse the sleeping soul of Ole Bull.

EUNICE GAY.

Should I myself not be, I'd rather, in some far-off land, be a stately, graceful blond, noted as an honored teacher of some college.

KATHLEEN JONES.

If fate had not decreed this life of mine
In such a sphere to be,
My highest wish would be that I should shine
A man of dentistry.

NELLIE COLLINS.

If I were not myself, I would like to be a business woman who owns a large plantation in the South. I would be well informed and my chief diversion would be trying to uplift the poor people in that section. Everything on my plantation would be done by improved methods. The buildings would be artistic, and all the surroundings pleasing to the eye. As I would stand in my own door in the evening and drink in the beauty of the heavens and of the landscape before me, I could say in all truthfulness, "I am monarch of all I survey."

MAUDE LEE KILLINGSWORTH.

If I were not myself, I am not prepared to justify my imaginary self in any definite sphere; but, under present circumstances, I would rather be a deeply learned student of Phychology, so that I could more readily understand my own mental states, and those of other people. PRUDIE AGEE.

My desire is to be a tall, beautiful woman with brown eyes and brown wavy hair. I would be a music teacher of great note, and all my pupils would love me dearly. At last, I would be the mistress of a beautiful home.

CORRIE HALL.

If I were not myself, I would rather be a little girl with sparkling brown eyes, clear olive complexion and long brown curls who would be a pleasure to her mother. I would always stay eight years old, and would be so very nice that all the boys and girls would love and pet me. Though a little girl in every other way, I would not be so mentally. It would be delightful to me to study and learn the great things as grown-up girls do. CLARA MIMS.

If I were not myself I would rather be a talented musician, who could thrill the hearts of my audience and leave them in tears after I had finished playing.

LILLIE MCCLURKIN.

If I were not myself, and I had the power, I'd like to be a missionary to India. Thousand of little child-widows are crying out in their sin and suffering, waiting for some one to lead them into the light and truth. If I had the ability, I'd like to help establish schools for them, where they could broaden their minds and develop their souls. FLORENCE DIXON.

If I were not myself, a pupil at the Alabama Girls' Industrial School, I would like to be a renowned singer in some conservatory in England. I would

like to possess a voice which would be not only sweet and melodious, but one which would inspire all who heard; a voice that would be uplifting to all men and create in them a desire to live pure and noble lives.

MARY SMITH.

In a vision I see in a great studio of Rome an exhibit of landscapes. This exhibit has brought the whole world to be present on that occasion. Never has there been such a gathering; never was there such a collection of wonderful landscapes. Is that name found in the corner of the picture the name of Emma Long, the girl who had always built this air castle in her youthful dreams?

EMMA LONG.

If I were not what I am now I had rather be an orator with such wisdom and eloquence that every thought uttered would be uplifting and an inspiration to people to live better, nobler and more useful lives. IONE CROWE.

Senior Characteristics

DAISY DUNLAP

FANNIE ROSSON

Graduate Students

Motto—"Look high, aim high, be high."

Flower—Little White Pink. *Colors*—Green and White.

Members

DUNLAP, DAISY . . . . . Stravern, Shelby County

PALMER, STELLA . . . . . Montevallo, Shelby County

ROSSON, FANNY . . . . . Cullman County

ETHEL HOUSER

SALLIE SELLERS

Sub-Seniors

FISHER, MARGUERITE

GRIFFIN, OLIVIA

SELLERS, SALLIE

HOUSER, ETHEL

COLEMAN, LAURINE

PURIFOY, CLYDE

MCLENNAN, IRENE

JUNIOR

JUNIOR
CLASS
1909
KATE RUTH SPIGENER
MADGE HILLSMAN
LILLA SMITH
EDITH PATTERSON
MARY MORGAN
MAMIE ROSS
GRACE LOUISE STELLE
BIANCA COCCIOLA
MATTIE AVANT
REBECCA KING
GUS HENDRICKS
CARRIE THOMPSON
ELIZABETH FARRIS
DONNA COLLINS
FRANKIE DEER
NANNIE DAVIS
JUDITH THIGPIN
PANSY NASH
MATTIE ALLEN
HODIE HENRY
MAMIE MERONEY
LUCILE ELLENBERG
MINNIE LEE PALMER
MARGUERITE BONDEN
MATTIE L. BAILEE

Junior Class

Motto: *"Non nobis solem."*

Flower: Red Rose.

Colors: Crimson and White.

Officers

Martha Gray ..... President
Mamie Meroney ..... Vice-President
Ella Peters ..... Secretary
Cilla Lutes ..... Treasurer
Leola Faulk ..... Artist
Annie Lee Jenkins ..... Poet
Edith Patterson ..... Historian
Lucile Ellenburg ..... Prophet
Pansy Nash ..... Critic
Lilla Smith ..... Musician

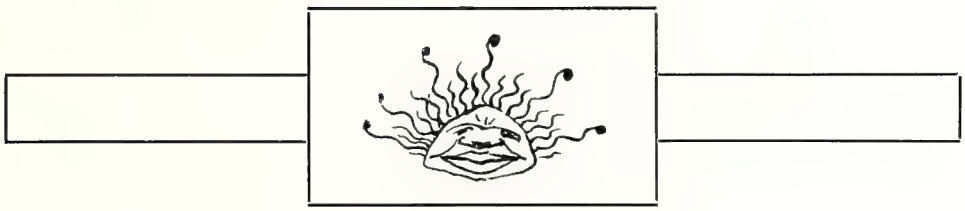
Roll

Avant, Mattie Victoria.....Tallassee, Elmore County
Bartee, Hattie Lee.....Tuscaloosa, Tuscaloosa County
Bowden, Marguerite Mae .....Nero, Monroe County
Burns, Odessa Estelle.....Wedowee, Randolph County
Cocciola, Bianca .....Birmingham, 1500 Eighth Avenue
Collins, Donna Lou.....Warrior, Jefferson County
Davis, Nannie Singleton.....Route No. 2, Vincent, Shelby County
Deer, Mary Francis.....Herbert, Conecuh County
Ellenburg, Lucile .....Montevallo, Shelby County
Farris, Elizabeth .....Elba, Coffee County
Faulk, Leola Omera.....60 South Foster Street, Dothan
Gaston, Velma .....Gastonburg, Wilcox County
Grady, Martha Katharine .....Andalusia, Covington County
Griswold Lola Rebecca.....Shopton, Bullock County
Haisten, Bertha Estelle .....Brundidge, Pike County
Hendrick, Gus Averette .....Geneva, Geneva County
Henry, Addie Verenna .....Randolph, Bibb County

Hillsman, Madge Riall .....335 North Spring Street, Talladega
Jenkins, Annie Lee .....Ramsey, Sumter County
Jones, Mabel M.....Verbena, Chilton County
King, Mary Rebecca .....James, Bullock County
Kirchler, Elizabeth Bridget .....Montevallo, Shelby County
Lutes, Cilla .....Gallant, Etowah County
Lyon, Mary Marguerita .....Shorter, Macon County
Meroney, Mamie Louise .....Montevallo, Shelby County
Morgan, Mary Anita .....Adger, Jefferson County
McNeal, Hunter .....Hartford, Geneva County
McGee, Myriam .....Jones, Autauga County
Nash, Pansy Lavinna .....Burnt Corn, Monroe County
Oliver, Frances Cleveland .....1300 Huntsville Avenue, Birmingham
Palmer, Minnie Lee .....Carson, Washington County
Patterson, Edith Mae .....Tallassee, Elmore County
Peters, Ella Wilson .....Montevallo, Shelby County
Ross, Mary Ellen .....Fremont, Dallas County
Sellers, Annie Laurie .....Scotland, Monroe County
Smith, Lilla Carl .....Dadeville, Tallapoosa County
Spigener, Katie Ruth .....Prattville, Autauga County
Steele, Grace Louise .....Margaret, Jefferson County
Thigpen, Judith Elvie .....Uchel, Russell County
Thomas, Louise .....West Blocton, Bibb County
Thompson, Carrie Mae .....Goldville, Tallapoosa County
Walter, Roxie .....Clayton, Barbour County
Windham, Helen .....324 Spring Hill Ave., Mobile, Ala.

In Slumberland

Two Juniors sit upon a seat
To watch the others while they sleep.
Just ten plus four are all of these,
Here by the window in the breeze.
Remains and spoils of feasts are found:
Twelve spoons and dishes thrown around.
The feasts are o'er, the happy band
Are now at rest in Slumberland.



Junior Advertising Page

WANTED—The address of a good matrimonial bureau. NANNIE DAVIS.

WANTED—To know how to clean up a room and learn six lessons between the two breakfast bells. JUDITH THIGPEN.

WANTED—A National Cloak and Suit Co. Catalog of 1890 sent to Dr. Palmer. He wishes to change the uniform. MARGUERITE LYON

NOTICE—In my studio on Main Street lessons in voice will be given free of charge. Realizing my gift, I feel it my duty to bestow it on needy humanity. ROXIE WALTER.

NOTICE—Miss Grace Louise Steele will deliver before the citizens of town an address on "The Evils of an Early Return After Holidays, as Contrasted With the Reception Given You a Few Days Later."

WANTED—A key that reveals the royal road to Geometry and Cicero. LUCILE ELLENBURG.

WANTED—A mixture guaranteed to turn auburn hair two shades redder. ELLA PETERS.

WANTED—A good remedy for the speedy extermination of Montevallo boys. The cruelty and slow torture the few remaining ones are undergoing is daily becoming a most serious matter. Will pay liberally for same. LEOLA FAULK.

WANTED—A few more admirers. MAMIE MERONY.

FOR SALE—One hundred copies of "Principles of Self-Government," by the author of "Through Missouri on a Mule." VELMA GASTON.

WANTED—To know how to generate a shower between eight o'clock and Sunday School time. LOLA GRISWOLD.

WANTED—A donation of Frat pins from all the schools in the Gulf States (Medical Schools included). Would prefer them free of charge, but if you would like an exchange, I will send from the stock room of the A. G. I. S., where they are sold at the remarkably low price of 25c. MARTHA GRADY.

WANTED—A man of good moral character. He must have a plentiful purse and be handsome. HELEN WINDHAM.

Do As You Please Club

MOTTO { *"Every little bit added to what we have makes just a little bit more."*

This is where we meet on the field of equality and have a jolly good time.
The members are:

EDITH PATTERSON	Head Cook
PANSY NASH	Bottle Washer
CILLA LUTES	Secretary
MATTIE AVANT	Cake Baker
LILLA SMITH	Pickle Eater
MADGE HILLSMAN	Mama's Nurse
MINNIE LEE PALMER	Typical Old Maid
GUS HENDRICK HATTIE L. BARTEE	Keep Up Sport
ANNIE L. SELLERS	Our Giggler
BERTHA HAISTEN	Our Hungry Child
MIRIAM MCGEE	Cri-tic

Junior Parody

(WITH APOLOGIES TO TENNYSON)

Half a term, half a term,
Half a term onward,
All with a dread of Exam.
Rode the half hundred.
Onward, we must not fail!
On to our books, "Hail, hail!"
Into the valley of Exams,
Rode the half hundred.

Onward, not without tears,
Every one had her fears;
On, tho' every one knew
Somewhere she'd blunder'd.
Theirs not to reason why
At the teachers' reply,
Only to work and sigh;
Further into the Exams
Rode the half hundred.

Teachers to right of them,
Teachers to left of them,
Teachers in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Armed with tablet and pen,
Boldly they rode, we ken,
Into the jaws of Math,
Into the mouth of Chem,
Rode the half hundred.

Lessons to right of them,
Lessons to left of them,
Lessons in front of them,
Hard and unnumbered.
Wearied with many crams
During all their Exams,
All that had stood and passed,
Faithfully to the last,
Rode back again to class,
All that was left of them,
Left of half hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the brave stand they made!
All the school wondered.
Honor to every lass!
Honor the Junior Class!
Noble half hundred!

Milkmaids

Bianca Cocciola ..... Proprietor
Mamie Ross ..... Bookkeeper
Grace Louise Steele ..... Collector
Helen Windham ..... Milker
Addie Henry ..... Milk Strainer
Annie Lee Jenkins ..... Churner
Louise Thomas ..... Cow Catcher
Mary Anita Morgan ..... Butter Milk Drinker
Lucile Ellenburg ..... Sweet Milk Drinker
Donna Collins ..... Butter Moulder
Lola Griswold ..... Cow Feeder
Frankie Deer ..... Milk Inspector

Resolved, That it is the duty of the "Milkmaids" to furnish the A. G. I. S. with butter, not less than two weeks old nor more than four.

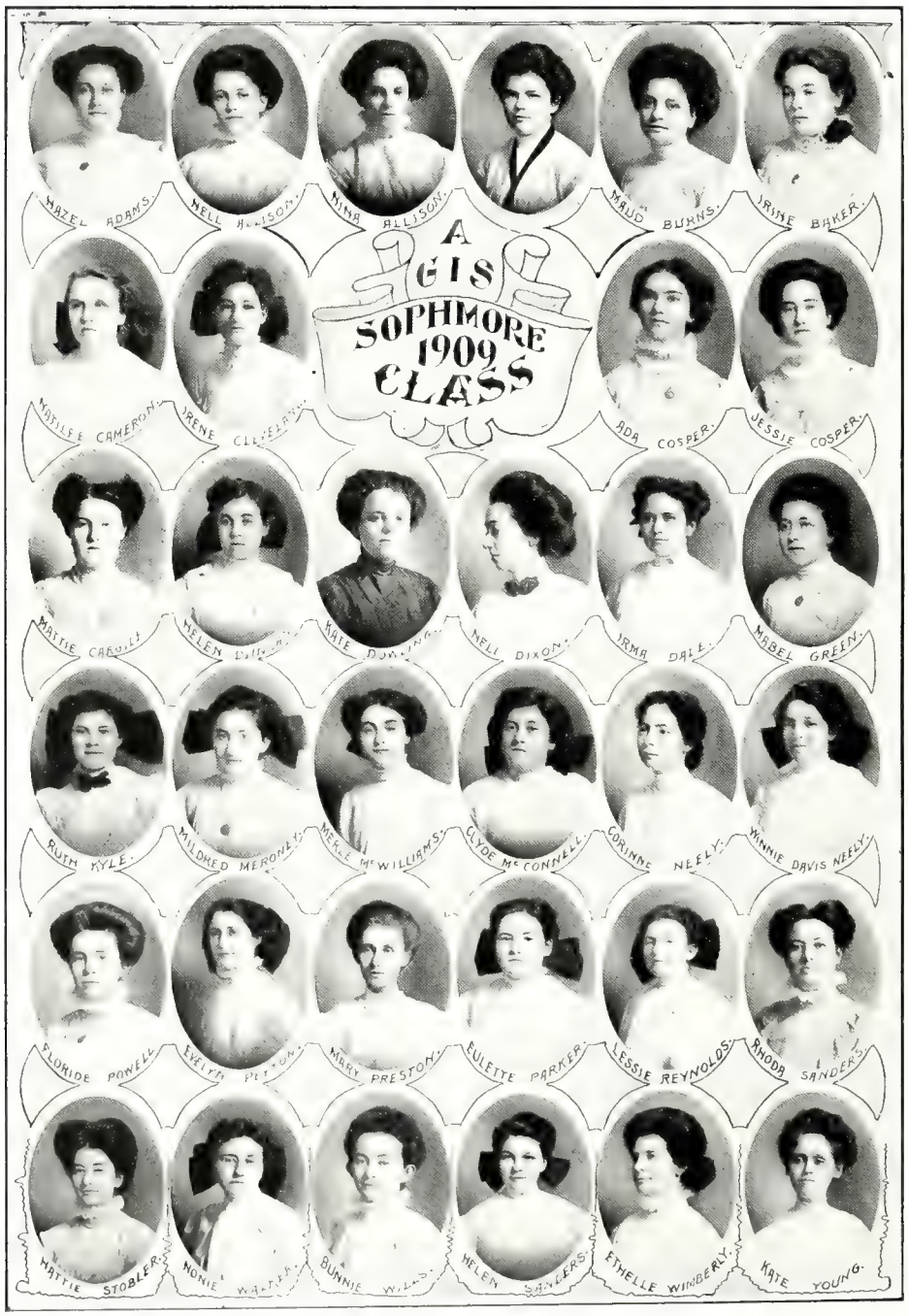
B. C. and G. L.S.

Junior Alphabet

A is for AVANT, the first of the crowd.
B is for BOWDEN, so clever and proud.
C is for COCCIOLA, of foreign stock.
D is for DAVIS, who speaks for the flock.
E is for ELLENBURG, the brightest of the class.
F is for FARRIS, who does not rank last.
G is for GRADY, our president so great.
H is for HILSMAN, who came to us late.
J is for JENKINS, little but not least.
K is for KIRCHLER, who delights in a feast.
L is for LYON, as fierce as a shark.
M is for MERONY, a merry, gay lark.
N is for NASH, a good looking girl.
O is for OLIVER, pure as a pearl.
P is for PALMER, with such winning ways.
R is for ROSS, the gym is her craze.
S is for SPEIGENER, who is learning to sew.
T is for THOMAS, the kneader of dough.
W is for WINDHAM, so proud and so haughty.
X is for many things, but not for our forty.
Y is for (W)YMAN, our sponsor so true.
Z is for zenith, where we'll strive to meet you.

Junior Conundrums

Who is the fiercest? *Lion* (*Lyon*).
Who is the strongest? *Steel* (*Steele*)
Who offers the biggest bargains? *Sellers.*
The flower of the class? *Pansy.*
Mama's lad? *Henry.*


A
GIS
SOPHMORE
1909
CLASS
HAZEL ADAMS.
NELL ALLISON.
NINA ALLISON.
MAUD BURNS.
IRENE BAKER.
MATILDE CAMERON.
IRENE CLEVELAND.
ADA COSPER.
JESSIE COSPER.
MATTIE CARROLL
HELEN DIXON.
KATE DUNNAM.
NELL DIXON.
IRMA DALE.
MABEL GREEN.
RUTH KYLE.
MILDRED MERONEY.
MERLE McWILLIAMS.
CLYDE McCONNELL
CORINNE NEELY.
WINNIE DAVIS NEELY.
FLORIDE POWELL
EVELYN PEYTON.
MARY PRESTON.
EULETTE PARKER
LESSIE REYNOLDS.
RHODA SANDERS.
MATTIE STOBLER.
NONIE WALTER.
BUNNIE WILD.
HELEN SANDERS.
ETHELLE WIMBERLY.
KATE YOUNG.

Sophomore Class

Motto: "As ever in our great Taskmaster's eye."
Colors: Pink and Green.
Flower: Pink Rose.

Officers

Helen Sanders ..... President
Ethel Wimberly ..... Vice-President
Jean Williams ..... Secretary
Winnie Davis Neely ..... Historian
Nina Allison ..... Poet
Josie Carr ..... Critic

Roll

Adams, Ella Hazel ..... Talladega, Talladega County
Allan, Ila Butler ..... Quito, Shelby County
Allen, Mattie Butler ..... Dayton, Marengo County
Allison, Ida Nell ..... Springville, St. Clair County
Allison, Nina Inez ..... Springville, St. Clair County
Avant, Emma Cordelia ..... Tallassee, Elmore County
Baker, Irene ..... Hackneyville, Tallapoosa County
Berry, Gracie ..... Birmingham, Jefferson County
Burch, Louise ..... Midway, Bullock County
Burgess, Helen ..... Eutaw, Greene County
Cameron, Natalie Hunt ..... Mt. Hebron, Greene County
Cargile, Mattie ..... Stevenson, Jackson County
Carr, Josie Worrell ..... Shorter, Macon County
Chandler, Louise ..... Florence, Route No. 7, Lauderdale County
Cleveland, Irene ..... Centerville, Bibb County
Cook, Alma ..... Auburn, Lee County
Cosper, Ada May ..... Alexander City, Tallapoosa County
Cosper, Jessie Bell ..... Alexander City, Tallapoosa County
Dale, Irma Brice ..... Oak Hill, Wilcox County
Darden, Nannie ..... Oneonta, Blount County
Dixon, Nellie May ..... Route No. 6, Andalusia, Covington County
Dowling, Claude ..... Montevallo, Shelby County
Dowling, Kate Florence ..... Ozark, Dale County
Dowling, Lily Berry ..... Montevallo, Shelby County
Dudley, Pattie Mae ..... Shorter, Macon County
Dupree, Mary Fletcher ..... Dadeville, Tallapoosa County
Frazer, Annie Clay ..... Montevallo, Shelby County
Fulghum, Elizabeth Archibald ..... Birmingham, Jefferson County
Gentle, Beulah ..... Limerock, Jackson County
Green, Mabel ..... Clinton, Greene County
Hancock, Hattie ..... Alexander City, Tallapoosa County
Haynes, Clara ..... Birmingham, Jefferson County
Herren, Mary Nila ..... Tuscaloosa, Tuscaloosa County

Hurst, Mary Lee ..... Fermon, Wilcox County
Hicks, Sarah Fay ..... Lawley, Chilton County
Islar, Glennie Eugene ..... Wilton, Shelby County
Johnson, Nolie Mae ..... Brundidge, Pike County
Kelly, Sudie Lavinia ..... Headland, Henry County
Kyle, Ruth ..... Scottsboro, Jackson County
Lakeman, Mary Isabelle ..... Haleyville, Winston County
Leatherwood, Edna Leslie ..... Braggs, Lowndes County
Lining, Grace ..... Spring Hill, Mobile County
Lyman, Laura May ..... Montevallo, Shelby County
Massey, Stella Pearle ..... Village Springs, Jefferson County
McConnell, Clyde ..... Talladega County
Meroney, Mildred ..... Montevallo, Shelby County
Morrison, Jonnie Reeves ..... Mt. Hope, Lawrence County
Morrison, Lola Pollard ..... Mt. Hope, Lawrence County
McWhorter, Virginia ..... Montgomery, Montgomery County
McWilliams, Merle ..... Oak Hill, Wilcox County
Neely, Ida Corinne ..... Hillsboro, Lawrence County
Neely, Winnie Davis ..... Hillsboro, Lawrence County
Parker, Eulette ..... Speigner, Elmore County
Patton, Margaret ..... Birmingham, Jefferson County
Pelham, Mary Clyde ..... Andalusia, Covington County
Perkins, Anna Mary Elizabeth ..... Birmingham, Jefferson County
Peterson, Mary Winefred ..... Montevallo, Shelby County
Peyton, Laura Evelyn ..... Selma, Dallas County
Pinkston, Evelyn ..... Montgomery, Montgomery County
Pittman, Effie Ellender ..... Talladega, Talladega County
Poole, Annie ..... Montevallo, Shelby County
Powell, Floride Garner ..... Carson, Washington County
Pruett, Carrie Emma ..... Tallassee, Elmore County
Reynolds, Lessie ..... Jemison, Chilton County
Rhodes, Lulan ..... Selma, Dallas County
Robertson, Lillian Russell ..... Mt. Hope, Lawrence County
Rowe, Daisy ..... Ensley, Jefferson County
Rosson, Lucile ..... Cullman, Cullman County
Sanders, Helen Bertha ..... Montevallo, Shelby County
Sanders, Rhoda ..... Fackler, Jackson County
Seay, Annie Miles ..... Vallegrande, Dallas County
Sellers, Mamie ..... Scotland, Monroe County
Stabler, Hattie ..... Suggville, Clarke County
Thompson, Vera Gertrude ..... Goldville, Tallapoosa County
Tillman, Mary Lena ..... Clio, Barbour County
Walker, Nonie Boyd ..... Tyler, Dallas County
Walker, Olive ..... Selma, Dallas County
Walker, Ruby ..... Gurley, Madison County
Watlington, Lula Vermille ..... Dayton, Marengo County
Wiliams, Allie Jean ..... Oxford, Calhoun County
Wills, Bunnie ..... Alberta, Wilcox County
Wimberly, Sallie Ethel ..... Belmont, Sumter County
Woolley, Mary Ida ..... Montevallo, Shelby County
Waldrop, Dera ..... Birmingham, Jefferson County
Wooten, Ellen ..... Siluria, Shelby County
Young, Kate Jones ..... Oak Hill, Wilcox County

The Gay Sophomores

(Tune, Merry Miller)

There are a band of Sophomores in old A. G. I. S.,
A very merry band of Sophomores, Ha! Ha!
They never care a rap for Math, for
English care they less.
Oh, the merry, merry lasses!
How they stand in all their classes.
Oh, the merry, merry lasses!
Ha! Ha! Ha!
The Juniors frown and talk about the way they do;
The Seniors reprimand them, quite severely, too.
But do the Soph'mores care?
Their hearts are light as air;
The honored Seniors fuss in voice.

Chorus:

Oh, Sophomores, gay Sophomores!
The rioting, flaunting Sophomores,
The laughing, chaffing Sophomores.
With all their smiles and jokes, these folks,
They never, never worry
And don't know how to hurry.
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho!
They never, never worry as along through life they go.

The Seniors have forgotten they were ever Sophomores;
Their memory's very short, as you can see, Ha! Ha!
They pride themselves on dignity, and really they are bores.
O, you wise old solemn sages,
Are you studying for wages?
O, you wise old solemn sages,
Ha! Ha! Ha!
They seem to think that life's work and no play,
And frown like everything when Sophomores are gay.
But whene'er they are out
Of our sight, no doubt,
They're just as gay as Sophomores.

Chorus.

History of the Sophomore Class

You shall hear how ninety Freshmen
Met within these halls and classrooms,
In the year of Nineteen-seven,
In the month of mild September.
Came they from the hills and prairies,
From the vale of Alabama,
From the valley of Tombigbee,
From the groves along the Warrior,
From the far-off Sandy Mountains,
Came to drink at springs of learning,
Came to feast at Wisdom's banquets.
Lonely were these ninety Freshmen,
Though the old girls tried to cheer them,
Tried to still their wail by saying,
"You had better stop your fussing."
Then the ninety little Freshmen
Set to work with earnest labor,
Learning Science, Mathematics,
History, English, Latin also.
Once they heard a noise most dreadful,
Something on their ears like thunder.
"What is that?" they cried in terror,
"What is that, for goodness sake? Hush!"
Then the others quickly answered,
"That is but the teachers talking,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at the pupils."
And the ninety Freshmen studied,
Studied as they never had done.
On the third month of their labor
They through Latin slowly wandered,
And o'er parsing sat and pondered,
Saw the Sophs far in the distance,
Saw the Juniors and the Seniors
Casting on them looks of pity.
"Noble Faculty," they cried out,
"Must we always be just Freshmen?"
But the teachers heard their wailings,
Heard their discontent and sorrow,
And with these words came to comforts
Said they, "O, our little Freshmen,
We have heard your supplication,
And have come to warn and tell you,
How by struggle and by labor
You shall gain what you have longed for.
Rise up, cease your lamentation,

Work like beavers without ceasing,
Gaining strength with every lesson,
Twice we'll send a monstrous giant,
Called by us Examination.
With this giant you must wrestle,
You must wrestle with him once, twice,
As a test of how you've studied,
As a test of your gray matter.
Should you overcome this giant,
Conquer this Examination,
As reward of this great vict'ry
We will make you doughty Soph'mores."
So again our ninety Freshmen
Toiled and labored in the school room,
Not for greater skill in parsing,
Nor for greater craft in Math, no,
Not for triumph o'er each other,
Or renown among their classmates;
But to strengthen mental muscle
That they'd need in the great conflict
With the Terror of their Schooldays,
With the dread Examination.
So they waited, fearing greatly,
Fearing lest their strength should fail them,
Till with snows of late December
They beheld the thing they dreaded.
Long they wrestled, long and bravely,
And the giant said, "O, Freshmen,
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
You have wrestled stoutly with me,
And the Faculty who see us,
They will give to you the triumph."
Then he smiled and said, "The next time,
In the last day of your conflict
If you conquer and o'ercome me,
Surely you'll be mighty Sophomores."
And thus saying he departed.
Toiling, on went our Freshmen,
Fearing lest their toil was useless,
'Til in Maytime, cheerful Maytime,
Came once more Examination.
Once again they wrestled bravely
With a score of teachers looking
At the combat of the wrestlers.
But they conquered, yes, they conquered,
And to Sophomores were promoted.
Are they satisfied? Well, hardly,
There's another height to climb to,
There's another fight to win yet,
And they'll never rest contented,
Never cease to struggle onward,
Till the Sophomores of nought-nine
Are the Seniors of eleven.

The Lucky Thirteen

Allison, Nell Allison Nina Cargile, Mattie

Cleveland, Irene Dowling, Kate

Johnson, Nolie Mae

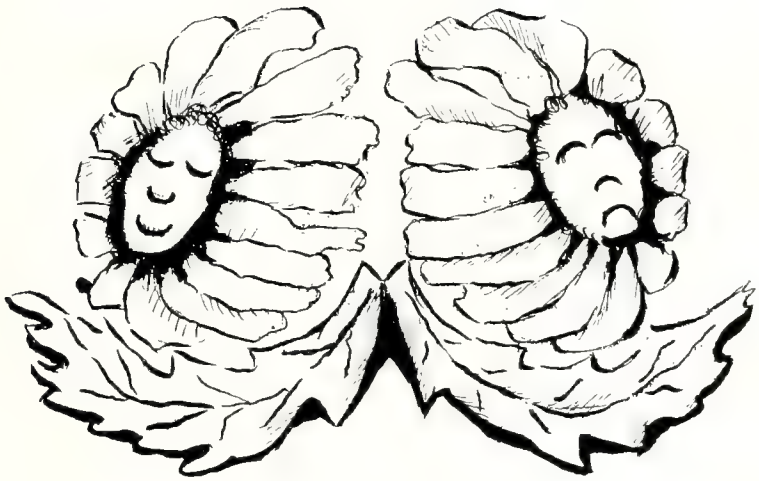
Kierce, Eleanor Kyle, Ruth McConnell, Clyde

Meroney, Mildred Neely, Corinne

Neely, Winnie Davis Powell, Floride

The Sophomore Scapers

FRESHMAN
1912



Freshman Class

MOTTO: "Live up to the best within you."
COLORS: Black and Gold.
FLOWER: Black-Eyed Susan.

YELL.

Freshman, Freshman, is our yell.
Seniors, Seniors, 1912!

Officers

ALINE ROBERTSON ..... President
MARY ADAMS ..... Vice-President
BESSIE WATSON ..... Secretary
GARY SIMS ..... Treasurer
INEZ GAY ..... Poet
NELL MCGEE ..... Historian
OLIVE SHAFFER ..... Musician
MATTIE WILLIAMSON ..... Critic

Roll

ARMSTRONG, NORA ..... Montevallo, Shelby County
ARNOLD, FAY ..... Oneonta, Blount County
BAKER, MARGARETTE ..... Shelby Springs, Shelby County
BARGE, NELL ..... Butler Springs, Butler County
BELL, OLA PAULINE ..... Repton, Conecuh County
BLACKWOOD, LULA PEARL .....Cleveland, Blount County
BRADY, PEARLE ..... Brewton, Escambia County
BRAGG, MANNYE ..... Banks, Pike County
BROWNE, ELIZABETH JOSEPHINE ..... Coaling, Tuscaloosa County
BURDESHAW, ANNIE ..... Dothan, Houston County

Burns, Maude ..... Warrior, Jefferson County
Capell, Mary Amanda ..... Louisville, Barbour County
Chittwood, Mary Louise .....DeArmanville, Calhoun County
Cross, Lora Gustava ..... Montevallo, Shelby County
Darden, Nannie Addelle .....Oneonta, Blount County
Darden, Ruby Elizabeth ..... Oneonta, Blount County
Davis, Mary Sylinda ..... Vincent, Shelby County
Debardleben, Callie Pearl ..... Montgomery, Montgomery County
Douglas, Virginia ..... Teddy, Escambia County
Dumas, Irma Clyde ..... Arlington, Wilcox County
Duncan, Helen ..... Birmingham, Jefferson County
Esslinger, Roxie Irene ..... Gurley, Madison County
Ferrell, Lou Vivian ..... Eutaw, Greene County
Ferrell, Maggie ..... Eutaw, Greene County
Fitzgerald, Arleen Dee ..... Birmingham, Jefferson County
Frank, Thalia .....McFall, Talladega County
Gay, Inez .....Lineville, Clay County
Glasgow, Clara ..... Ensley, Jefferson County
Godfrey, Laura Olivia ..... Sumterville, Sumter County
Goggins, Sallie Florida ..... Cooper, Chilton County
Gray, Mattie ..... Caledonia, Wilcox County
Hale, Emma Sophrona ..... Birmingham, Jefferson County
Hales, Mary Irene ..... West Green, Greene County
Ham, Leila .....Sprotts, Perry County
Harwel, Elsie ..... Chandler Springs, Talladega County
Head, Gladys Irene ..... Birmingham, Jefferson County
Henderson, Jennie Lee ..... Drewry, Monroe County
Henderson, Marguerite ..... Drewry, Monroe County
Henderson, Nannie Ruth ..... Drewry, Monroe County
Hendricks, Katie May .....Oneonta, Blount County
Herren, Maggie Annie ..... Tuscaloosa, Tuscaloosa County
Hines, Lena ..... Belleville, Conecuh County
Hinson, Serena ..... Mount Willing, Lowndes County
Hitt, Agnes ..... Ohatchie, Calhoun County
Hodge, Nellie Pearl ..... Anniston, Calhoun County
Hurst, Mary Lee ..... Furman, Wilcox County
Kellum, Alice ..... Gurnee, Shelby County
Kierce, Maude Eleanor ..... Andalusia, Covington County
Kroell, Georgia Marie ..... Montevallo, Shelby County
Lamar, Mary Lucia ..... Shorter, Macon County
Leeth, Maude Evadna ..... Breman, Cullman County
Livingston, Elsie Mae ..... Kellyton, Coosa County
Lucas, Lenna Gwendolyn ..... Piper, Bibb County
Massey, Velma Matilda ..... Pinson, Jefferson County
Mayfield, Sadie Jackson ..... Stewart, Hale County
Mitchell, Esther .....Talladega Springs, Talladega County
Moody, Bessie Linda .....Birmingham, Jefferson County
Moody, Kathleen Ella .....Birmingham, Jefferson County
Moore, Miriam West ..... Bessemer, Jefferson County
Morgan, Lida McCoy ..... Talladega, Talladega County
McCarley, Lillian Sorela ..... Florence, Lauderdale County
McConnell, Mary Clyde .....Pine Hill, Wilcox County
McCown, Lucile ..... Auburn, Lee County

McGee, Nell Louise ..... Jones, Autauga County
McGill, Rebecca Elizabeth ..... Almond, Randolph County
Nash, Virginia Elizabeth ..... East Lake, Jefferson County
Nesbitt, Frances ..... Headland, Henry County
Painter, Grace ..... Chattanooga, Tenn.
Parker, Mary ..... Birmingham, Jefferson County
Poole, Mittie ..... Montevallo, Shelby County
Porter, Lois Anchors ..... Piper, Bibb County
Price, Laura Blanche ..... New Decatur, Morgan County
Pritchett, Mattie ..... Blocton, Bibb County
Purvis, Frances ..... Mobile, Mobile County
Reynolds, Annie ..... Jemison, Chilton County
Roberts, Mamie ..... Talladega, Talladega County
Robertson, Aline ..... Fayette, Fayette County
Robertson, Mary Lucile ..... Birmingham, Jefferson County
Robinson, Sidney Ellen ..... Five Points, Chambers County
Savage, Virginia ..... Evergreen, Conecuh County
Sawyer, Grace Elizabeth ..... Clanton, Chilton County
Scruggs, Jennie ..... West Bend, Clarke County
Seale, Lavada ..... Selma, Dallas County
Sellers, Lizzie ..... Littleton, Jefferson County
Shaffer, Olive June ..... Ensley, Jefferson County
Stallworth, Garland ..... Beatrice, Monroe County
Stewart, Ray ..... Centerville, Bibb County
Suttle, Edna ..... Felix, Perry County
Suttle, Etta ..... Felix, Perry County
Waldrop, Mary Dera ..... North Birmingham, Jefferson County
Walker, Annie Elmira ..... Rockford, Coosa County
Walker, Mattie Lou ..... Birmingham, Jefferson County
Watson, Bessie May ..... Montgomery, Montgomery County
Williamson, Lillian Judson ..... Uchee, Russell County
Williamson, Mattie ..... Birmingham, Jefferson County
Wilson, Mary Creagh ..... Demopolis, Marengo County

A Thanksgiving Ghost

YES, GIRLS, since you have asked me, I will tell you a real ghost story. It has been nearly twenty-five years since it happened, but it is as fresh in my mind as if it had happened yesterday.

It was Thanksgiving night and all the lights were out in the Alabama Girls' Industrial School. Most of the girls were asleep and dreaming about the good dinner they had had, and all the pleasures of the day just passed.

In one room there were two girls who could not go to sleep. They had been in bed almost an hour, but instead of becoming sleepy, they only seemed to get wider awake. After they had talked about nearly everything else they could think of, they began talking of ghosts. One of the girls was a strong believer in ghosts, but her room-mate only laughed at such things. The one that believed in them told the other that some time something would happen to cause her to believe in them too. Little did she think that that *something* would happen in just a few minutes. Suddenly they realized that some one was entering their room. The door did not open, but whatever it was seemed to come through the door as easily as if it had not been there. It advanced into their room, and stood at the foot of the bed for a short time. Its eyes were like balls of fire and made daylight of the darkness. It was dressed in a long, white, flowing robe, and carried a white staff in its hand.

Finally the ghost, for such it was, advanced to the side of the bed. The girls lay there too frightened to move or speak. It put a cold hand first on the face of one girl, then on the other. It did this several times, and then explained to them it was a ghost whose duty it was to visit nine of the rooms of the dormitory every twenty-five years on Thanksgiving night. The weird visitor then told them it would have to go, as there were still several more rooms to be visited. After telling them this, the ghost left the room as quietly and suddenly as it had entered. Of course, there was no sleep for those two girls that night.

The next morning at breakfast several girls had exciting stories to tell. Every one listened with much interest, and the appearance of the ghost was the chief topic of conversation for many days.

This happened nearly twenty-five years ago, so next Thanksgiving will be the time for the ghost to go to the dormitory again. The story of its last appearance has been forgotten, no doubt, and the girls who are visited by him this time will probably be as much surprised as were those girls twenty-five years ago.

Teachers' Pets

Seale, Lavada — Moody, Kathleen

Kendrick, Nell — Watson, Bessie

Adams, Mary — Moody, Bessie

Nash, Virginia

Unclassified Class

Unclassified Roll

Motto: "Do unto others as you'd have 'em do to you and do it first."

Colors: Lavender and White.

Flower: Pink.

Sponsors, Misses Allen and Peterson.

President, Daisy Fischer. Vice-President, Lydia Huggins.

Secretary and Treasurer, Nona Adams.

Adams, Nona ..... Talladega, Talladega County
Allen, Mary Emma ..... Bellamy, Sumter County
Bell, Nannie Ellenda ..... Repton, Conecuh County
Bolton, Jessie Ezekial ..... Coatopa, Sumter County
Brand, Rebecca Smith ..... Randolph, Bibb County
Burns, Nell ..... Prattville, Autauga County
Bush, Ida ..... Ararat, Choctaw County
Callan, Sara Frances ..... Sulphur Springs, DeKalb County
Campbell, Annie Ruth ..... Gadsden, Etowah County
Carpenter, Lilla ..... Lineville, Clay County
Coker, Return ..... Easonville, St. Clair County
Comer, May ..... Wilton, Shelby County
Cross, Vivian ..... Wilton, Shelby County
Davis, Zilpha ..... Shelby, Shelby County
Dees, Clarissa ..... Drewry, Monroe County
Eddings, Lillie ..... Wilton, Shelby County
Faulk, Mattie Bell ..... Birmingham, Jefferson County
Fischer, Daisy ..... Birmingham, Jefferson County
Freeman, Juddie Belle ..... Clopton, Dale County
Gilmore, Celia Evelyn ..... Enterprise, Coffee County
Hendricks, Edna Assenoth ..... Oneonta, Blount County
Hicks, Rubie Fletcher ..... Hollins, Clay County
Hicks, Sadie ..... Wilton, Shelby County
Hill, Lillian ..... Eutaw, Greene County
Hogg, Belle ..... Bessemer, Jefferson County
Holloway, Annie Mae ..... Osierfield, Conecuh County
Homes, Mary ..... Statesville, Autauga County
Holtam, Minnie Elizabeth ..... Morvin, Clarke County

Huggins, Lydia Belicence ..... Hampden, Marengo County
John, Ida May ..... Coleanor, Bibb County
Kemp, Eugenea Pearl ..... Duluth, Georgia
Kendricks, Nelle Grey ..... Luverne, Crenshaw County
Keys, Maggie ..... Aldrich, Shelby County
Law, Allie ..... Enterprise, Coffee County
Little, Lela Ida ..... Carson, Washington County
McAnnally, Lucile ..... Cleveland, Blount County
McAnnally, Nannie Belle ..... Cleveland, Blount County
Newton, Ida May ..... Slocomb, Geneva County
Nickerson, Tressie ..... Siluria, Shelby County
Rabb, Ruby Fay ..... Evergreen, Conecuh County
Ray, Carrie Esther ..... Ensley, Jefferson County
Redus, Mary ..... New Decatur, Morgan County
Russell, Mattie Videan ..... Tuskegee, Macon County
Sanders, Eileen ..... Goethite, Tuscaloosa County
Sellers, Hattye ..... Fleta, Montgomery County
Stephens, Mary Emma ..... Tuscaloosa, Tuscaloosa County
Stone, Dovie Ann ..... Sprott, Perry County
Thackerson, May ..... Seddon, St. Clair County
Thomas, Florence ..... Ensley, Jefferson County
Thompson, Annie Lou ..... Wilton, Shelby County
Trucks, Clara ..... Montevallo, Shelby County
Treadwell, Pattie ..... Wadley, Randolph County
Weaver, Adel ..... Lineville, Clay County
Wetherington, Biantha ..... Slocomb, Geneva County
White, Lou Ellen ..... Salem, Lee County
White, Mary ..... Moulton, Lawrence County
Whiteside, Estha ..... Ohatchie, Calhoun County
Williams, Flauda ..... Townly, Walker County
Williams, Leola Elizabeth ..... Knoxville, Greene County
Windham, Pearl Francis ..... Ozark, Dale County

Eighth Grade

President, Mera Nickerson.

Baker, Maurine ..... Dancy, Pickens County
Bennett, Lucine ..... Haleyville, Winston County
Blackmon, Zelma ..... Marbury, Autauga County
Brickman, Miriam ..... Montgomery, Montgomery County
Brooke, Mirian ..... Alpharetta, Georgia
Bush, Jessie ..... Ararat, Choctaw County
Cammack, Maggie Bessie ..... Scottsville, Bibb County
Carter, Willie Gay ..... Selma, Dallas County
Fancher, Hattie Wyatt ..... Blocton, Bibb County
Farrar, Theo Belle ..... Piper, Bibb County
Harper, Nettie ..... Montevallo, Shelby County
Hill, Gena ..... Ensley, Jefferson County
Hooker, Nena Ruth ..... Montevallo, Shelby County
Jackson, Mertie ..... Talladega Springs, Talladega County
John, Maude ..... Coleanor, Bibb County
Johnson, Mattie Burgess ..... Slocomb, Geneva County
Killingsworth, Norma ..... Montevallo, Shelby County

Lamkin, Minnie Lee	Caledonia, Wilcox County
Marshall, Bertha	McWilliams, Wilcox County
Mayo, Abbie Ethel	Mount Sterling, Choctaw County
McGowin, Lula Belle	Mason, Escambia County
McGregor, Hazel	Bessemer, Jefferson County
Nickerson, Mera	Siluria, Shelby County
Roberts, Agnes Alline	Margaret, St. Clair County
Sands, Willie Belle	Five Points, Chambers County
Simms, Gary	Talladega, Talladega County
Smith, Maxie	Rockford, Coosa County
Tenison, Mary C.	Tallahassee, Elmore County
Tucker, Margaret Blanch	Woodlawn, Jefferson County
Vermillion, Effie	Birmingham, Jefferson County
Wilks, Mary	Petrey, Crenshaw County
Woolley, Lizzie	Montevallo, Shelby County

Special Students

Lawrence, Jatie	Montevallo, Shelby County
Pfaff, Annie	Brierfield, Bibb County
Pinkston, Martha Ray	Albany, Georgia
Robbins, Rosamond	Mobile, Mobile County
Sanders, Claude	Montevallo, Shelby County

The Gradual Deterioration of Macbeth's Character

SHAKESPEARE begins his tragedy with Macbeth, as a man who might have lived to an honored old age had he been entirely surrounded by good influences. However, the height to which he might have risen only serves to measure the depth to which he falls. At the outset, Macbeth is a negatively good character, but the inert power for evil is in his heart, and only needs a stronger nature to develop it into a potent factor in his life.

Macbeth lived in an age of superstition. His meeting with the witches does not inspire the evil in his life. They only play upon what is already there. At first he is not inclined to believe the prophecy of the weird sisters, but because of the strange coincidence of Cawdor's death, he cannot but believe that one part of the prophecy having been fulfilled, the rest will come to pass. Against his own reasoning he is forced to believe it. Still he makes as desperate an effort as his nature is capable of to throw off the evil which crowds upon him, saying, "If chance will have me king, why chance may crown me without my stir."

He does not set forth freely on his career of crime. Neither his own natural desire for power nor his great ambition alone spurs him on, but with those there are arrayed all the powers of evil which that dark age could produce, together with the influence of a wife whose unscrupulous nature stops at nothing. It is not easy for him to plunge into the sea of guilt that is to be his downfall. Though morally and mentally weak, only the woman he loves has the power to prevail on him to take the first step.

That step taken, the man seems to lose all that "milk 'o human kindness" which his wife attributes to him in the beginning. After the murder of Duncan his peace is gone forever. His whole nature cries out for blood. Every fresh crime but acts as an incentive to the next. The terrible secret that he tries to hide goads him on, though every dagger thrust makes a new wound in his own soul.

Even while plunged deeply in crime, his natural impulse is to be truthful and honest. In the scene where Lady Macbeth asks him when Duncan is to leave the castle, he replies, "Tomorrow;" and then, as he realizes that this will not happen, almost involuntarily, he adds, "as he purposes."

After Duncan's death Macbeth's nature is eaten up with fear. His former congenial relations with his wife are gone. He realizes that his life has been a failure and that the goal he sought and won by such foul means is but a curse. He envies the dead Duncan.

When the wretched man hears of his wife's death in a way he seems to resume some connection with humanity. His thoughtfulness becomes pathetic. Even when he realizes that the powers in which he has trusted have betrayed him, and that death is closing in upon him, he seems to welcome the dark visitor, and meets his doom with fortitude which we cannot but admire. The stern satisfaction with which we contemplate the deed that destroyed him is unalloyed by feeling of personal wrath or hatred. His death is a sacrifice, not a butchery. We feel that a great soul has departed this world after fighting manfully the battle of life against odds that would have conquered a much stronger nature.

The Effect of the Murder Upon Lady Macbeth

AFTER the murder of King Duncan, even though Lady Macbeth may have had sick fancies, imagined sceptres and dreaded the horrors of the life to come, her mighty will power gave her strength to disguise her inward feelings for a time. When the pangs of remorse had driven her to a state of unconsciousness, then it was that she revealed all the deadly secrets, which had surged through her seared brain and been locked within her breast.

Her ruling motive had been ambition for her husband. It was for him that she had fixed her eye upon the golden diadem and, having proposed the object, she arrayed it in an ideal glory. Fixing her eye steadily upon it, she committed unflinchingly the crime necessary for the attainment of her purpose. To procure for him, and for him alone, sole sovereign sway and masterdom, she plunged headlong into the awful abyss of guilt and blood. She periled both life and soul for his sake.

Through this deed she had hoped to bring Macbeth honor, glory, power and rank; whereas she brought sorrow, ruin and disgrace. The object was unworthy the effort, and nought but disappointment and despair was its end. It was almost too great to bear, but she held up to the very last and would have died a thousand deaths rather than have betrayed her inner feelings, or given utterance to a word of complaint.

It is not until we see her in the helplessness of slumber that we catch a glimpse of the inward hell. We are touched with pity as we see her trying to wash the spots of blood from her tiny hand. Her conscience has forced her to groan and sigh over those spots which none could see save she alone. It seems, however, that her terror of the future was not so great as the horror of the past; neither was the fear of judgment so great as the torture of condemnation.

It is when her self-rule is dissolved in sleep that her seared brain and broken heart are laid bare to us. We are then made acquainted with the horrors and sufferings which her mighty strength of will power, during consciousness, baffled and repelled.

Lady Macbeth had centered all her efforts around the person of her husband. When he tottered, she, like the ivy that had clung tenaciously to the kingly tree, also fell to the ground. Nought was left but death; and it seems that she sought it by her own hands.

Woods in Winter

The winter wood is cold and chill;
  Loud blows the frosty northern gale;
The trees stand bare upon the hill
  And look beyond the sinking vale.

The sun withdraws his warming rays,
  And drifting, lowering clouds appear,
While through the dark, cold winter days
  The falling snow is settling near.

The birds are in a warmer clime,
  While plants still lie beneath the snow;
Alike they watch for summer time,
  When plants no longer sleep, but grow.

The Winter Wind

The day is cold and dark and chill;
  From out the northwest sweeps the gale;
It mounts the steep and barren hill
  And rushes madly thru the vale.

The trees their gorgeous leaves have shed,
  And birds now to the south have flown;
The echo of their song is dead;
  The beauties of the woods are gone.

But now the snowflakes 'gin to fall;
  The branches soon are covered white;
Behold the woods are heard to call;
  Canst thou not say, "O, beauteous sight?"

In Cold November

In cold November, bleak and chill,
  There come both rain and frosty gale;
Harsh winds sweep down upon the hill
  And leave their echo in the vale.

The snow is on the topmost sprays
  Of ivy, myrtle, spruce and pine,
The song birds now stop all their lays,
  The trees are left alone to shine.

The sun at times breaks thru the clouds,
  And casts a glow o'er all the earth;
The snow is as a diamond shroud
  The woods will wear until new birth.

As Seen By the School Pump

ONE BEAUTIFUL, calm, moonlight night the old pump at the A. G. I. S. reviewed all its past experiences, and, with many a proud shrug, thought of how often it had furnished water for tired and gay, or sad and happy girls. In the stillness it gazed upon the basketball ground and the music rooms a short distance away which were flooded with the moonlight. After taking a hurried glance at its near-by friends, it began to doze away, but was awakened by a step on the corridor. "It must be a girl or teacher coming for water," was the first thought, and again it listened carefully. "No, it is the step of a man. Ah! and I know that step, which I have heard lo these many years."

The pump was about to settle back to sleep again, when a woman's voice was heard. "Ah, and I know that woman's voice. I saw Dan Cupid here a few days ago, so these are some of his tricks working out." The two stepped up to the side of the old brown pump, which caught a glimpse of light hair and recognized the girl as an old friend of his. The man handed his companion a dipper of cool, clear water which the pump had brought up from the depths of the well. Still never a word was spoken, and, as they were turning to leave, the old pump thoughtfully said to himself, "How little an old brown piece of machinery amounts to after all. Now if I had Dan Cupid's power I would bring a lot of happiness into this world." "B——," he heard the man say, but it seemed he could get no further in the name. There was a silence for awhile, then the answer came slowly, "The water is delightful." A few nights later, as the same couple neared the pump, he saw the man slip a ring on her finger.

Often now the pump gives shrugs of pride as he thinks of that moonlight night over a year ago; and often now the man steps to its side and drinks its cool, clear waters, little dreaming that a little, insignificant thing like the A. G. I. S. pump had so much to do in bringing about his happiness.

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A Picture of Life During the Early Years of the Eighteenth Century

EACH AGE in history or in literature has certain characteristics which sharply differentiate it from the preceding one. On every side are found outward signs of the nation's different moods. At the beginning of the eighteenth century especially rapid and comprehensive changes took place in almost every department of the nation's life—political, industrial, religious, social and intellectual. There was a low moral standard in church, state and society. Naturally such conditions affected the literature. Consequently we find little at that time worthy of admiration.

To really know life in every phase as it was in those days, one must fancy himself in that old London, driving in heavy coaches, going about in the pretty curious sedan chairs, drinking tea or chocolate in the famous coffee houses, or sauntering into the drawing rooms of the great. London then was a mere village; in fact, it was so small it did not take more than an hour to walk from one end of it to the other. The streets were very narrow and unpaved; the sidewalks were separated from them by gutters. It was dangerous for pedestrians in the day, and even more so at night. There were only a few dim lamps to guide travelers and they gave such poor light that any person who went on an honorable errand had to have torch-bearers. There were bands of aristocratic men who stayed out at night and found their amusement in chasing peaceful men and women until they were exhausted. A man's rapier was his only protection.

The political situation was partly responsible for this age of corruption. Many prominent men tried to keep the favor of the exiled princes as well as of the actual rulers; hence double-dealing was resorted to and bribery was the rule. There were two political parties at the time—the Whigs and the Tories. The Tories wished all the power of the government to be in the hands of the landed families. There were three things that every Tory loved—old families, old times and great estates. The Whigs cared very little for old times; they respected wealth wherever it came from, and they wanted every honorable man to share in the government. There was continual strife between the two.

The church was a great political institution. Membership in it was a sign of patriotism, not of religious devotion. Every farm had to pay one-tenth of its yearly produce to the support of the established church. Parliament decided what the rites and ceremonies should be and refused political office to any one who had not taken the communion according to those rites.

The state of society does not present a very pleasing picture. Both men and women were artificial creatures. There were a great many young men in London who had nothing to do but dress handsomely and have a good time. These young men wore very fine and fashionable clothes; the coat was of expensive material, generally thrown back to display a costly shirt adorned with

lace ruffles, the knickerbockers were tight-fitting, the shoes high-heeled with silver buckles; powdered wigs, sometimes with long, flowing curls, completed the usual costume. On the street they wore cocked hats and carried diamond-hilted swords. The fashionable men of London would rise at nine o'clock and find some means of amusement until eleven; at twelve they would go to the coffee houses and then walk in the park until two, when they went to dinner. The coffee houses were places where the gallants, the politicians, the poets, the merchants and the essayists of the age met to discuss the topics of the day.

The fashionable woman is no more to be admired than the society man. She was very affected. In pleasant weather she would throw a gay cloak over her shoulders and mince down the street with her lap-dog or monkey. She powdered her hair and wore patches on her face. Every woman pretended to love nature. Her garden was laid off in all kinds of geometrical figures and the trees were sometimes pruned in the shape of men and animals. Dancing was the only exercise a fashionable woman would take. She would go to the balls and dance the minuet and other dances. She also bet and gambled with the men.

The theatres were the places where a stranger would see all the latest fashions. All the people who were able had seats around the stage and those who could not have them sat in the pit. Some of the men and women were so afraid they wouldn't be seen that they hired chairs on the edge of the stage. At times one man would pick a quarrel with another one just to attract attention. Confusion reigned during a performance, and the actors' lives were sometimes in danger.

A picture of eighteenth century life would be incomplete without glancing at the country homes and the country 'squire, of whom Sir Roger de Coverley is a type. The roads from London to the country houses were very rough and difficult to travel. The homes of the country gentlemen were very pretty. They were built of plaster and strips of plank or red brick. Hunting was the favorite amusement of the gentlemen. The country was so rough that they sometimes had to follow the dogs on foot.

Such was the condition of the country when Addison and Steele began to publish "The Spectator." It was their purpose to reform society and literature, which was also at a low ebb. This they did by ridiculing and satirizing in a gentle and kind way whatever they saw that was not uplifting, noble and good in every department of life. With their delicate tact and unvarying good humor they gradually accomplished their task. Near the middle of the century the political corruption, the coldly intellectual temper, the low moral standards and brilliant cynicism melted before the fervor of rising spirituality. The social, religious and political changes were wonderful; there was marked improvement in every phase of life, giving promise of a brighter day in the near future.

To a Violet

Dear little violet, so sweet and pure,
As timidly you lift your dainty head
From underneath the leaves, your winter's bed,
You seem to have imbibed the heaven's blue.
The birds sing more sweetly inspired by you,
And careless boys and girls by you are led
O'er helpless creatures to more softly tread,
And give to them the care which is their due.

Great poets, enraptured, sit by you for hours,
Inhaling pleasant odors with delight,
Admiring your quiet beauty with glad eye;
And after short refreshing April showers
Or after dew has fallen in the night,
To paint your loveliness, in vain they try.

To the White Rose

Of all the blooms in Nature's garden grown
To teach life's lesson, battle and endure,
O thou, White Rose, with petals soft and pure,
Art truly fairest, sweetest ever known.
Thy snowy whiteness far outshines the hue
Of pansy, violet or daffodil,
And in thy sweetest mood, so calm and still,
Thou seemest to whisper to the heart, "Be true."

Could I but learn thy lesson, Rose so fair,
As thru this world I wonder day by day,
Then I should say that I had found at last,
Of all the gifts of earth the one most rare;
So teach me now, a moment while I stay,
To catch thy sweetness, ere it all be past.

Aunt Sally's First Ride

Lan' sak's, chile, ain't I never don' tol' yuh 'bout dat trip I tuk 'way down to Georgi'? Well, I'll declar' I nevah in all my life hearn tell on one po' ole nigger havin' jes' so many 'speriances.

I tol' ole Missus I wuz fixin' fer to go, and she up and buyed me a new black dress fer to wear. Laws, honey, it sho wuz purty, too, and I wa'n't studyin' wearin' it on dem dirty cars what I'd allays hearn talked about. I jes washed out one ob yor Ma's ol' dresses whut she gib me, to wear on dat ere train; but when I put it on, ol' Missus, she 'lowed dat I wuz a quality nigger, I wuz, and fer dat reason I musn't wear dat ol' dress.

Honey chile, I jes wish you could 'ave seed you' ol' Aunt Sally. I sho did look nice, and I hadn't more dan got to de depo' when here come along a gre't big nigger and stepped right kersmash on my new dress. I lammed him so hard I purty night 'spect he forgot his name, uz sho's yuh bon'.

When I got my ticket I hel' on to it tight, 'caze I's skeered somebody might try to beat me out'n it.

'Twan't long 'fo' here come dat train jes a puffin' and a blowin' an' a whistlin' lak mad, an' I made fer sho' she'd git out o' breath 'fore we got to Georgi'. Then a man, he come and hollered out "all aboard," but I nevah seed a single board nowhere.

No sooner 'an I had got on de train and got sot down good, when here comes a man an' axed me for my ticket. I said, "G'wan, man. I don' paid a quahter fer dis ticket, an' I sho won't gib it away." But he kep' on an' a ol' lady behin' give me a knock an' 'lowed I better gib it to him if I wanted to ride. She said dat wuz de way folks dat rid on de train commonly done.

Well, you' Ma don' tol' me, when I lef' dat when dey call out "Fishhead," fer me to git off and git 'nother ticket and wait fer de train. I didn't jes prezactly understan' her meanin' 'bout de fish's haid, but, bless you' soul, honey, when he hollered out 'bout de fish's head, I purty nigh jupmed off my seat. It 'peared to me he wan't guine to stop, and I wuz jes fixin' fer to jump out de car winder, which was up, when all ob a sudden de thing stopped plumb still an' I jes' fell sprawlin' right on de flo' and knocked de man whut dey called de Inductor jest a windin'. I nevah lost no time pickin' him up, caze I knowed I'd hab to hurry and git off. Jes' time I got off I 'membered dat I don' lef' de box o'snuff what my ol' man gib me as a present, and de train had don' started fer to movin' off; but I tuck atter it, but 'twant no use fer me to hab wasted my breath callin' out to

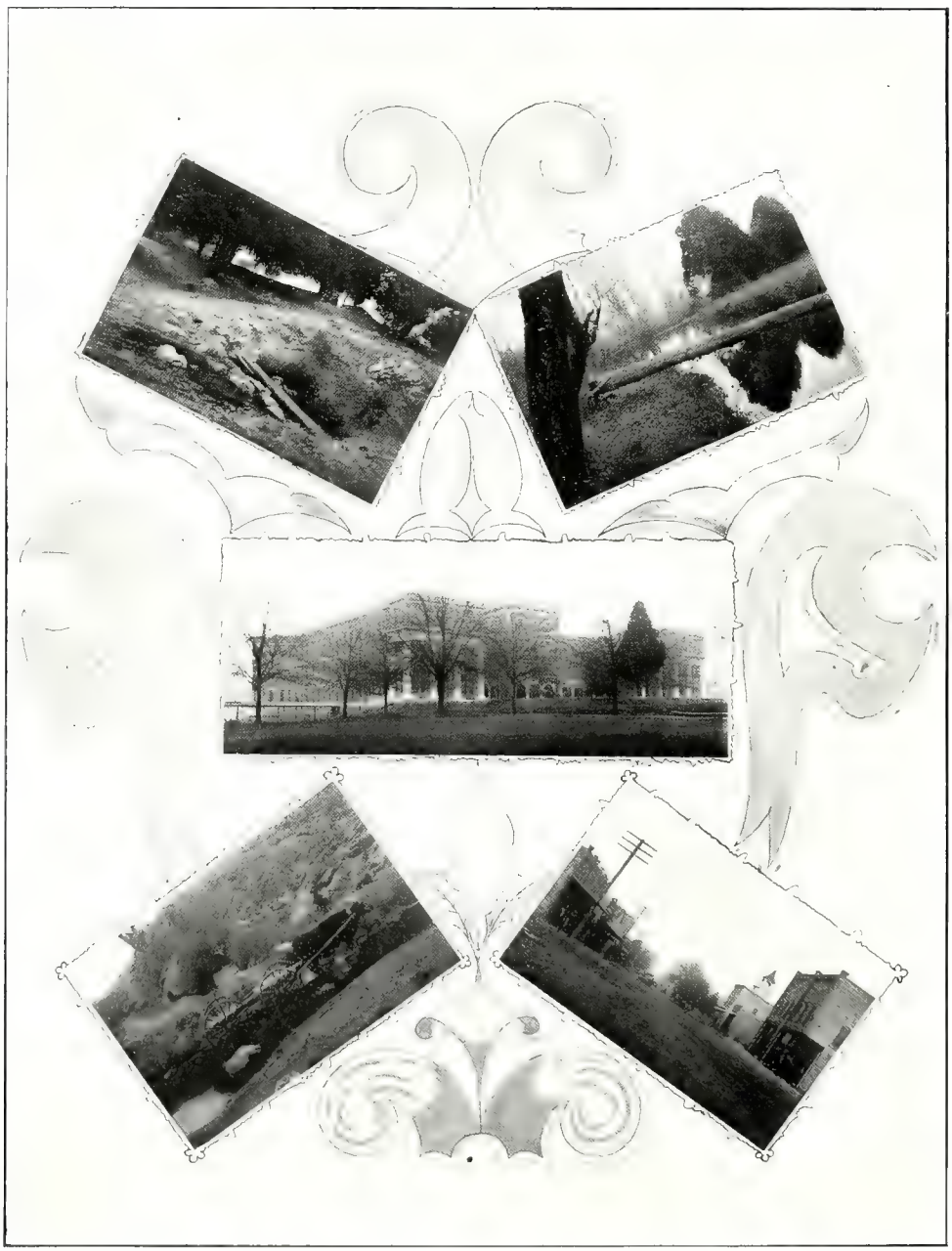
"Gib me my snuff," fer de t'ing wuz don' out o' hearin'. I sho did hate to lose dat box o' snuff.

I wuz don' out ob breath when I got back to de station; and, Honey Chil,' dat man whut sol' de tickets axed me a whole dollar and a half fer a ticket, and I up and said, "Shet you' mouf, white man, you sho' has riz in you' price. I got a piece o' paper jes' fer de world lak dis up to de other station fer a quahter." Den he up an' laff fit to kill hisself, and in my face, too, but fer my life I couldn't see fer why he wanted to laff jes' cause he riz in his price.

It 'pears to me de people is travelin' constant, coze that train what I next got on wuz jes' as crowded as 'tother one wuz. I tell you what, honey, it's amazin' how fas' dat train did run. Mars John's always braggin' 'bout how fas, his hoss can run, but, lan' saks, dat hoss'll nevah see de day he can git up wid dat train. It run so fas' I made fer sho' it was guine to come to some great accident sometime, if it didn't min' out, but I sho' was glad it nevah while I'se on de thing. I was prayin' to de Lawd all de time fer fear it would tho.'

It nevah tuk us very long to git to Georgi'. I nevah wuz so plum gib out in all my life, and 'twan't no sooner dan dat t'ing stopped dan I got off. But jes' as I started fer to git off, I stumped my toe and tumbled right out into Mariah's arms (she's de only one dat had come to meet me).

Dere goes you' Ma a callin' of me and I'll finish tellin' you 'bout it some other time.



A Spring Violet

ONE EVENING last spring, as I lay at full length on the grass day-dreaming, for want of something better to do I began pulling at the pieces of grass within reach. While doing this I plucked a violet and unconsciously pulled it to pieces.

I had forgotten the existence of the little violet in the progression of my dreams, when, in a small, panting voice, came these words, "Oh! Why did you do it? But then you could not know, poor human thing." The voice held me, and, in a dazed kind of way, I began trying to place it. Then it came again, "If you will put my different pieces together I will be so grateful and can speak better." The only torn thing I could see was the poor little violet at one side, so with a sort of awe I heartily arranged its ragged pieces.

The voice came this time stronger and unmistakably from the violet. "Thank you, mortal, you are not wholly unkind after all," with a sigh, "only very, very stupid."

"But, dear little violet," I hastened to say, "I did not mean to."

"Of course not," scornfully, "you all say that for your wrong doings, and it is such a poor excuse; but," more gently, "let it pass. My life was not amounting to much out here, and, any way, I was almost ready to go. You know we are immortal and have a great many things to do before we can be content to do nothing but just day-dream."

"Dear one," said I, blushing guiltily, "I thought you only lived one day, then withered and died."

"You are mistaken," said the violet, coldly. "As you are so ignorant, I will tell you the history of the origin of the violet, if you care to listen and will not interrupt. Afterwards I will answer all the questions you may ask." Then, in a soft, dreamy voice this story was told:

"Years ago, in the beginning of the world, there lived above the skies a countless number of tiny lights called stars. These lights had nothing to do but be bright. After a while they heard of God's wonderful new experiment, the world.

"Becoming filled with curiosity, they clamored to see this wonderful thing. Knowing that the moon's beams were not sufficient light when the Sun had passed on its journey, and wishing to improve his greatest experiment in every possible way, the Master cut millions of holes in the sky and let the little stars sparkle forth.

"In cutting the pieces out of the sky to let the stars shine through, the Master accidentally dropped a tiny bit of the blue sky to the earth below. And lo! a wee blue violet, pure and sweet, took the place of the bit of sky. Its beauty and sweetness pleased the Master and, knowing that it would have a good influence over his masterpiece, Man, he scattered the tiny pieces of sky all over the earth where they could flourish and help beautify the world.

"The sun sailing across the heavens next day spied the wee violet and paused to admire it. His admiration was so intense that the violet drooped its head in shame and that is why we hold our heads in a drooping position to this day."

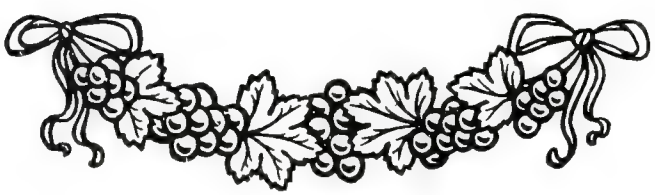
Here the voice paused and, as I glanced up, I saw the torn violet being borne away by a light breeze which had just sprung up.

The questions I might have asked and the knowledge I might have gained remain unknown to this day.

A Modest Violet

O modest violet, so sweet; at dawn
Thou art the fairest of flowers that grow;
Thou peepst from the shady dell so low
And lendest fragrance to the air at morn.
The streamlet's banks thy flow'rets sweet adorn.
Of all the bonny buds that bloom and blow,
Of all the sweetest flow'rs that come and go,
There is not one of sweeter fragrance born.

Did angels bright descend from skies above
To pencil those dark petals rich and rare,
To store in thy fair face the love of youth?
Thou whisper'st low: "No, 'twas God's own great love."
He painted thee in thy rich beauty there,
And bade thee grow an emblem of the truth.



Casitis

IN LOOKING over the records of the various and complicated diseases which, from time to time, have infected our schools and given such great cause for alarm among our usually calm and dignified students, I find no diagnosis of one which has existed among us for a long time. Our college physician is a man of remarkable intellect, and his marvelous skill and power in the medical field are widely known. Therefore, it is the more surprising that he has not discovered the presence of this malady. As it is now entering so largely into our school life, proper authorities, knowing my long experience and capability in all such lines, have seen fit to refer the disease to me for investigation and treatment. Although I make a specialty of nearly all the disorders of body, mind and heart, I confess it was with some hesitancy that I accorded to their request.

Appendicitis, bronchitis, meningitis and laryngitis are terrible in themselves, but these fade away into insignificance in comparison with this serious malady of *casitis*. We cannot learn its source, nor can we ascertain whether it is hereditary or contagious; but we do know that it is variable, for the different cases assume diverse forms according to their environment.

Let us then begin with the first symptoms and trace this disease through its various stages. First, it suddenly transforms a most rational and dignified girl into a very sentimental and extravagant being with eyes, thoughts and heart for only one girl for whom she has developed, in a surprisingly short time, a tender attachment. Then the other student, in turn, becomes infected with the germs, and all extra pen money and spare moments are spent in making each other happy. Every evening, with their arms lovingly entwined, strolls over the campus, and if any one happens to join them, she is made to feel that she is decidedly a third party, and she soon leaves them alone. Thus we notice that selfishness, one of the very worst disorders to cope with, gets control of the victim.

Another change is in temperament. Perhaps the patients were jolly and lively before; now they become gloomy, morose and sentimental, given to sighs and amorous spirits. A third distinguishing characteristic is extreme sensitiveness; the most trivial thing wounds their feelings or arouses their indignation.

These are the various results when the disease attacks two persons simultaneously; but much sadder and far more serious is the patient's condition when only one girl is infected with its germs. Oh, how she longs for company in her misery, how she prays that the subject of her adoration may become in like manner affected with the complaint which causes her so many sleepless nights and such unutterable agony!

We might be able to suggest some remedy for the patients were it not that when we think the normal condition is about to be regained, the cause of the trouble changes, and the new case is worse than the preceding. Thus each attack seems to be only a preparation for the next, and we can not effect a cure, before

the disease develops such startling symptoms as to be beyond our control.

Can this be a disease of the body, the mind or the heart? After thorough investigation, I conclude that it is of the heart, and, as this organ is the seat of life, we must discover some remedy at once. I have found no medical compounds of the twentieth century which can cure this complaint of the heart, and, considering the question long and deeply, I believe that I have at last hit upon a plan of treatment which will prove effective.

To the authorities who have referred this case to me, I would suggest that a few of the other sex scattered among us to counteract this influence. It would then probably take the disease some little time to adjust itself, for the emotional nature would be brought into subjection, and, since no germs live without proper nourishment, this casitis bacteria would starve, and thus we would forever be rid of this disease.

As you see, I have used no technical terms, but I have endeavored to express myself in very unscientific language, in order to be understood by all. Knowing how anxiously you await the result of my diagnosis, and believing that you respect my opinion, I advise you to send at once for the remedy. I am sure there will be no opposition on the part of the affected ones who must undergo this treatment, and so success will depend upon your hearty co-operation. If you see fit to assist me, I can safely assure you that *casitis*, that very formidable malady, will be permanently stamped out, and the atmosphere of our school will be restored to its normal condition.

To the Moon

O Moon, thou glorious Moon with beauteous light,
Thy beaming face with luster shineth down.
The world is stilled in sleep; there is no sound
Whilst thou in splendor reignest o'er the night.
Assisted by the twinkling stars so bright,
Thy beams of gold do all the earth surround;
The hills and plains in wondrous light abound,
And thou dost bring sweet gladness in its height.
When thou behind the clouds thy face dost hide,
Foul Darkness o'er the world her wings doth spread,
While Folly broods and evil spirits talk;
But whilst thou in the heavens dost abide,
The evil spirits vanish and are dead;
And Love and Beauty hand in hand do walk.

Adoration of the Freshman for the condescending Senior.

Billy Kin Smile

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

MISS Z.: Who was Jove?
I. D.: She was Juniper's wife.

MR. C.: Annie, you should want to study Zoology, because it will broaden you.
ANNIE S.: Well, I'll have to drop it 'cause I'm broad enough now. I want to grow taller.

MISS M.: Mabel, when is a man said to be insolvent?
K.: When he can't be dissolved.

MISS MURPHY (to pupil): What are liabilities?
PUPIL: They are what men are liable to have.

VELMA: O, Virginia, what a pretty home I am going to have one of these days!
VIRGINIA: Well, Velma, is it going to be one of those bellodonna homes?

EDITH: Lucile, which one of your studies do you like the best?
LUCILE: My Minor, of course.

J. TO N.: What is a chauffeur?
N.: You mean "shoffer" don't you?
J.: No, I mean c-h-a-u-f-f-e-u-r.
N.: I think it is a potato.

EMMA (pointing to the register of the street car): What time is it by that clock?

MISS S.: Miss Jones, whose Algebra did you use before you came here?
MISS JONES: Well, Miss S., I studied my own until it got lost, then I studied with Josie Barns.

SENIOR TO JUNIOR: Did you have any Na-Cl on your table tonight?
JUNIOR: Sure, I drank two glasses full.

MISS L.: Minnie Lee, how are these two isosceles triangles equal?
MINNIE LEE: By hypotenuse (hypothesis).

MISS W.: When was Julius Caesar written?
MARTHA: 42 B. C.

MISS BROOKE: How did you memorize your poem, E—?
E.: By consecration.

MISS M.: What great man was closely associated with Addison?
GRACIE: Mark Twain.

MISS Y.: Sallie, what is Chaucer's chief work?
SALLIE: Twice Told Tales.

Miss Young: Margaret, where are the lachrymal glands?

Margaret: In the throat, Miss Young.

Cledie (to Mabel): What does renovate mean?

Mabel: I don't know what renovate means, but renovator is a place where you hatch chickens.

Miss B. (reading): In a railroad accident a lady was mortally injured. Having but a few hours to live she begged her husband not to leave her. The surgeon called him to held rescue the passengers still confined in the wreck.

Miss B.: Ione, what should determine the man's actions in this case?

Ione: His train of thought and past experience.

Miss X.: Who wrote Idylls of the King?

Madge: Shakespeare.

Miss Allen (to the Ethics Class): Girls is house-keeping a drudgery?

Helen: No'm, sometimes I'd give anything if I had a little house to clean up.

Teacher: Tell what you can of the last days of Franklin.

Pupil: I don't know anything except that he died and was buried.

Clyde: Mr. Chestnutt, what is an Awl Chemist? (alchemist).

Eunice: Mr. Chestnutt, let's make some dancing gas (laughing gas).

Freshman (to a Senior): Mary, where have you been?

Senior: To Psychology.

Fresh: You look very "Psychologistical."

Mr. C.: Miss S., how would you treat a tree that had been frozen?

Miss S.: Immerse it in ice water. A rather troublesome treatment, don't you think?

G.: What kind of goods is your dress made?

Annie Ruth: Pulverized silk.

Miss S.: Girls, does the sun rise and set?

Clyde: No'm, it doesn't, we rise and set.

Mabel: Listen my children and you hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.

Theo: O, my, don't quote Shakespeare to me.

Miss McM.: Tell me one of the seven wonders of the world, Bessie.

Bessie: The hanging garden.

Miss McM.: What are they?

Bessie: That's where they hang criminals.

Teacher: What is the feminine of horse?

Pupil: Pony.

Mr. C.: When water takes up sodium, what have we, Miss M.?

M. Soda water.

1909
0 9
AGIS
COUNCIL.

Student Council

"Let us consider the reason of the case, for nothing is law that is not reason."

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19 09

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

I AM COME THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE LIFE AND THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE IT MORE ABUNDANTLY
NATIONAL BOARD OF THE YOUNG WOMENS CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS OF THE U.S. OF A.
Love
Light
Life

World's Motto: "Not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

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Y. W. C. A. Room.

On Thursday evening, December 10th, the Advisory Board, Cabinet, Room Committee and a few guests assembled in the Association room at 5:30 o'clock for the purpose of dedicating it to the Master, who gave it. The shaded lights cast a soft, subdued glow over the room and those present, thus helping to give tone to the impressive service. Miss Lila McMahon, a member of the Advisory Board, led the brief, simple, yet spirit-filled service. After reading most appropriately Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the old Jewish temple, she reviewed briefly the steps taken to secure such a room, dwelling on its use and the meaning of a prayer room in our household. This beautiful and deeply spiritual talk was followed by the presentation of the key to Miss Mabel Gray, Chairman of the Room Committee by Dr. Palmer, who made us feel deeply the responsibility of keeping that which had been committed to our trust, saying, as he handed the key to Miss Gray, "Always keep the key hanging on the outside of the door." Miss Gray then responded in the name of the Association.

During the service, Miss Franklin rendered a beautiful solo, while Misses Franklin, Dunlap and Houser, at the close, sang very softly, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." The deeply spiritual service was one not to be soon forgotten.

After the service, the Cabinet served light refreshments, and those who were present enjoyed a short social hour together.

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The Castalian Literary Society

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YELLOW AND WHITE

FLOWER
DAISY

MOTTO: "Ad Astra per Aspera."

Officers

FIRST TERM		SECOND TERM
Vesta Jones	President	Fannie Rosson
Fannie Rosson	Vice President	Winnie Smith
Mabel Gray	Secretary	Kathleen Jones
Helen Carnathan	Treasurer	Lillian Baker
Ethel Houser	Critic	Mary Smith
Emma Long	Historian	Emma Long

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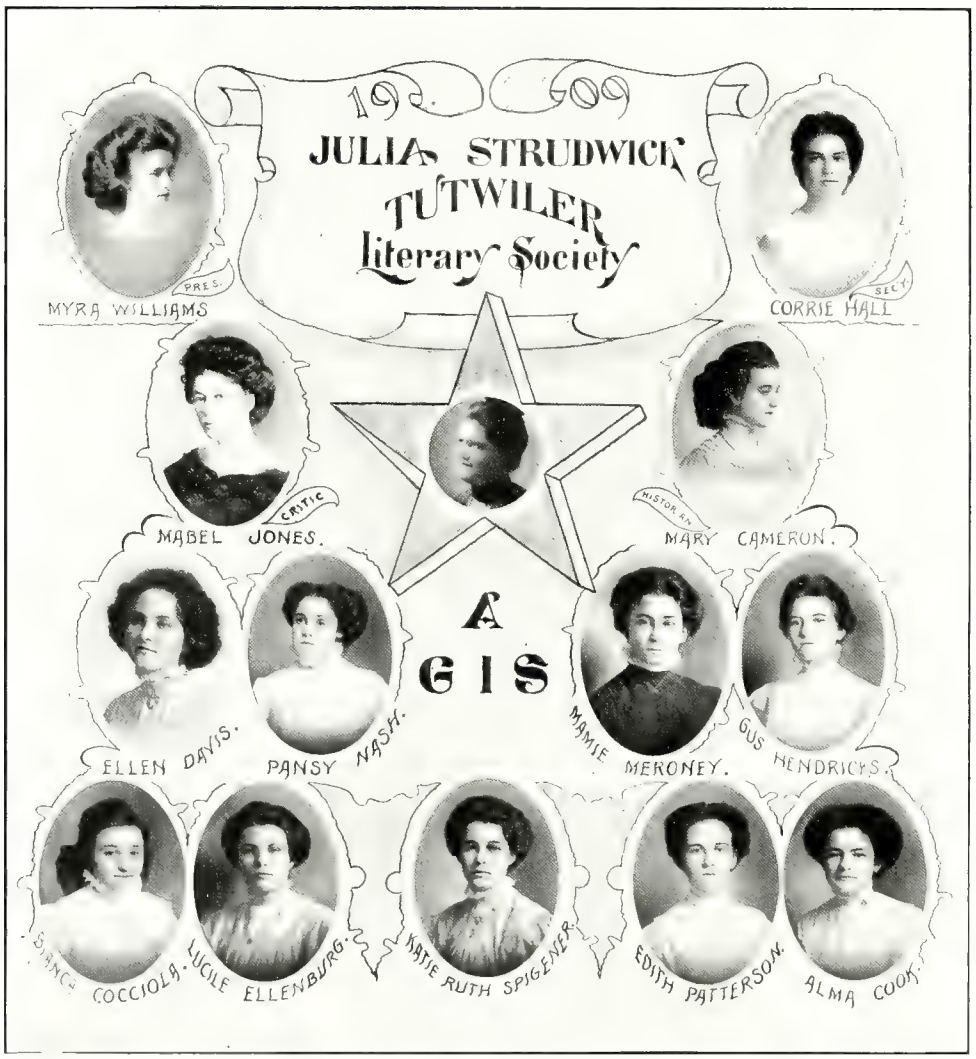
Miss Veta Franklin
Miss Ruby Halbert
Miss Lila St. Clair McMahon
Miss Merle Stephens
Miss Alice Wyman

Active Members

Farris, Elizabeth
Gay, Eunice
Dunlap, Daisy
Gray, Mabel
Crowe, Ione
Grady, Martha
Carnathan, Helen
Griffin, Olivia
Gaston, Velma
Houser, Ethel
Hillsman, Madge
Jones, Vesta
Thomas, Louise
Jenkins, Annie Lee
Smith, Lila
Lyon, Marguerite
Palmer Stella
Moore, Margaret

1902 1909
JULIA STRUDWICK
TUTWILER
Literary Society
PRES.
MYRA WILLIAMS
SEC'Y.
CORRIE HALL
CRITIC
MABEL JONES.
HISTORIAN
MARY CAMERON.
A
G I S
ELLEN DAVIS.
PANSY NASH.
MAMIE MERONEY.
GUS HENDRICKS.
BIANCA COCCIOLA.
LUCILE ELLENBURG.
KATIE RUTH SPIGENER.
EDITH PATTERSON.
ALMA COOK.

Julia Strudwick Tutwiler Club

COLORS
RED AND WHITE

FLOWER
CARNATION

MOTTO: "Ad Astra per Aspera."

Officers

MYRA WILLIAMS . . . . . President
ELLA PETERS . . . . . Vice-President
CORRIE HALL . . . . . Secretary
MARGUERITE FISHER . . . . . Treasurer
MABEL L. JONES . . . . . Critic
MARY CAMERON . . . . . Historian

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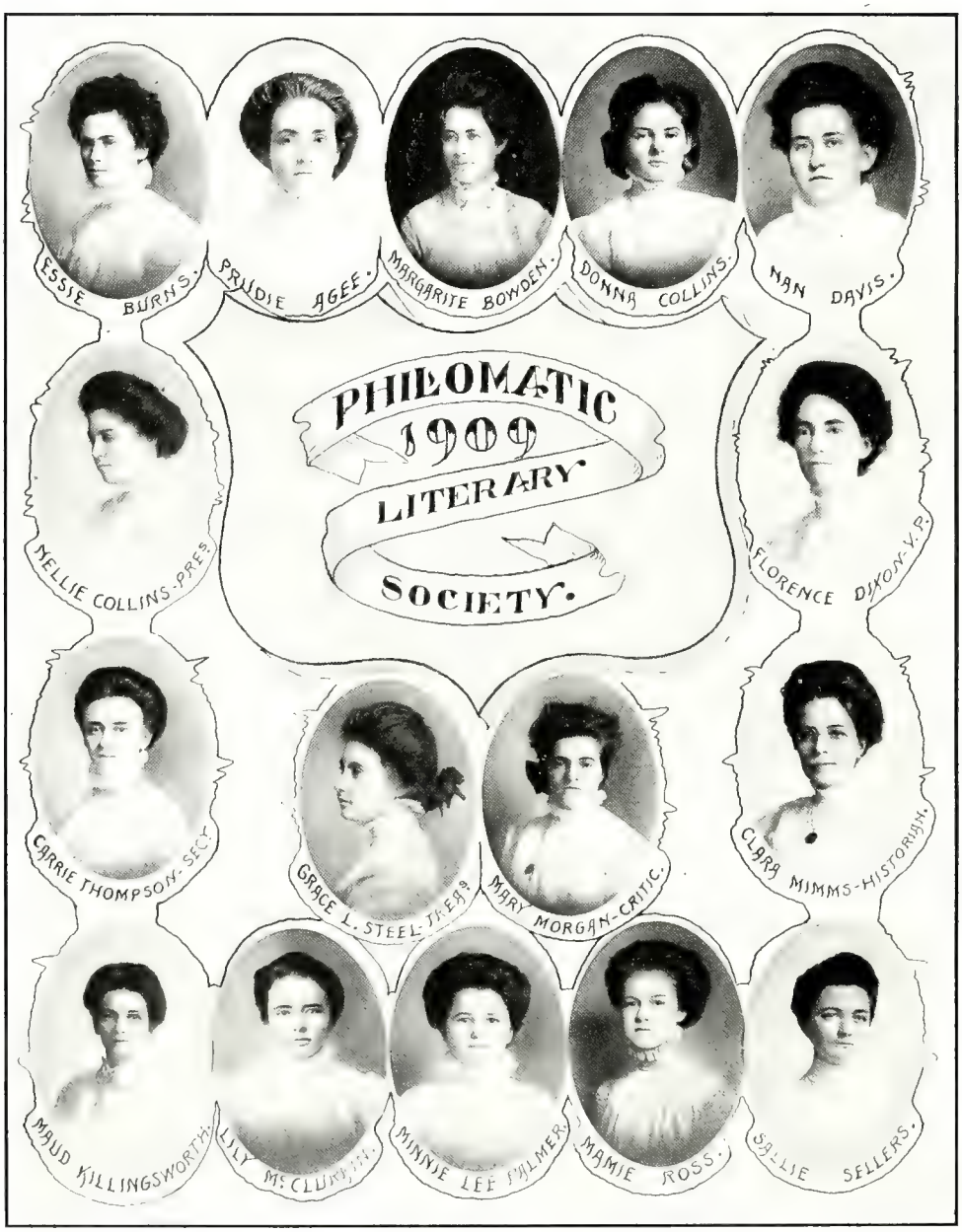
MISS MARY YOUNG
MISS MARY G. STALLWORTH
MISS MINNA GROTE
MISS JULIA POYNOR
MISS ALMA TOMPKINS
MISS LIDA HATCH
MISS LAURA DALE
MISS IRENE LAMBERT

Affiliated Members

MISS ERNESTINE GROTE
MISS NELL PETERSON
MISS BESSIE MCCARY

Members

COCCIOLA, BIANCA
DAVIS, ELLEN
ELLENBURG, LUCILE
HAISTEN, BERTHA
HENDRICK, GUS
MERONEY, MAMIE
NASH, PANSY
PATTERSON, EDITH
PURIFOY, CLYDE
SPIGENER, KATIE RUTH


ESSIE BURNS.
PRUDIE AGEE.
MARGARITE BOWDEN.
DONNA COLLINS.
NAN DAVIS.
PHILOMATIC
1909
LITERARY
SOCIETY.
NELLIE COLLINS-PRES.
FLORENCE DIXON-V.P.
CARRIE THOMPSON-SEC'Y.
GRACE L. STEEL-TREAS.
MARY MORGAN-CRITIC.
CLARA MIMMS-HISTORIAN.
MAUD KILLINGSWORTH.
LILY McCLURE.
MINNIE LEE PALMER.
MAMIE ROSS.
SALLIE SELLERS.

Philomathic Literary Society

COLORS
GREEN AND WHITE

FLOWER
WHITE ROSE

MOTTO: Mehr Licht.

Officers

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FLORENCE DIXON . . . . . Vice-President
CARRIE THOMPSON . . . . . Secretary
GRACE STEELE . . . . . Treasurer
CLARA MIMS . . . . . Historian
MARY MORGAN . . . . . Critic

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MISS LUCILE BROWN
MISS REBECCA FUNK MISS FLORENCE TAFT HOLBROOK
MISS RUBY LAWHON MISS MARY E. MACMILLAN MISS MARY B. OVERTON

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AGEE, PRUDIE
BURNS, ESSIE
BOWDEN, MARGUERITE
COLLINS, NELLIE
COLLINS, DONNA
DAVIS, NANNIE,
MORGAN, MARY
KILLINGSWORTH, MAUDE
THOMPSON, CARRIE
STEELE, GRACE
ROSS, MAMIE
PALMER, MINNIE LEE
MCCLURKIN, LILLIE
MIMMS, CLARA
DIXON, FLORENCE

NAN DAVIS.
MYRA WILLIAMS.
VICE PRES.
IONE CROWE.
GARY SIMMS.
A.G.I.S.
E.H.W.
1909.
TREAS.
ELLEN DAVIS.
HISTORIAN
MARY CAMERON.
IRMA DUMAS.
TRESSIE NICKERSON.
ALMA COOK.
JENNIE SCRUGGS.
MATTIE JOHNSON.
FLORENCE DIXON.
MAUD BURNS.
KATE YOUNG.

Emma Hart Willard Club

COLORS
TURQUOISE, BLUE AND GOLD

FLOWER
PANSY

MOTTO: Expression is Necessary to Evolution.

Officers

Clyde Purifoy	President
Myra Williams	Vice-President
Jean Williams	Secretary
Ellen Davis	Treasurer
Helen Windam	Critic
Mary Cameron	Historian

Members

Adams, Mary
Berry, Gracie
Bell, Ola
Bragg, Mannye
Brickman, Myriam
Burns, Maud
Cook, Alma
Davis, Nan
Debardelaben, Pearl
Freeman, Belle,
Lining, Grace
Livingston, Elsie.
Young, Kate
Wimberly Ethel
Sims, Gary
Sellers, Hattie
Seale, Lavada
Scruggs, Jennie
Pinkston, Evelyn
McWhorter, Virginia
McConnell, Cylde
Lutes, Cilla

Honorary Members

Miss Ruby Halbert
Miss Hattie Lyman
Mrs. Ed Lyman

The Story Tellers' League

COLORS
BLACK AND RED

MASCOT: Black Cat

FLOWER
RED DAHLIA

Officers

CORRINNE NEELY . . . . . President
EFFIE PITTMAN . . . . . Sec'y-Treasurer

Honorary Members

MISS BROOKE
MISS YOUNG
MISS MCMAHON
MISS HALBERT
MISS BOARDMAN
MISS BROWN
MISS THOMPKINS

Charter Members

AVANT, MATTIE
HANCOCK, HATTIE
HICKS, FAY
HITT, AGNES
LIVINGSTON, ELSIE
MCWILLIAMS, MERLE
NEELY, WINNIE DAVIS
PARKER, MARY
PRITCHETT, MATTIE
PRUITT, CARRIE
PRICE, LAURA
STALLWORTH, GARLAND
WALKER, NONIE
WILLIAMSON, JUDSON
WILLS, BUNNIE

Montevallo Girls' Club

COLORS
BLUE AND WHITE

FLOWER
VIOLET

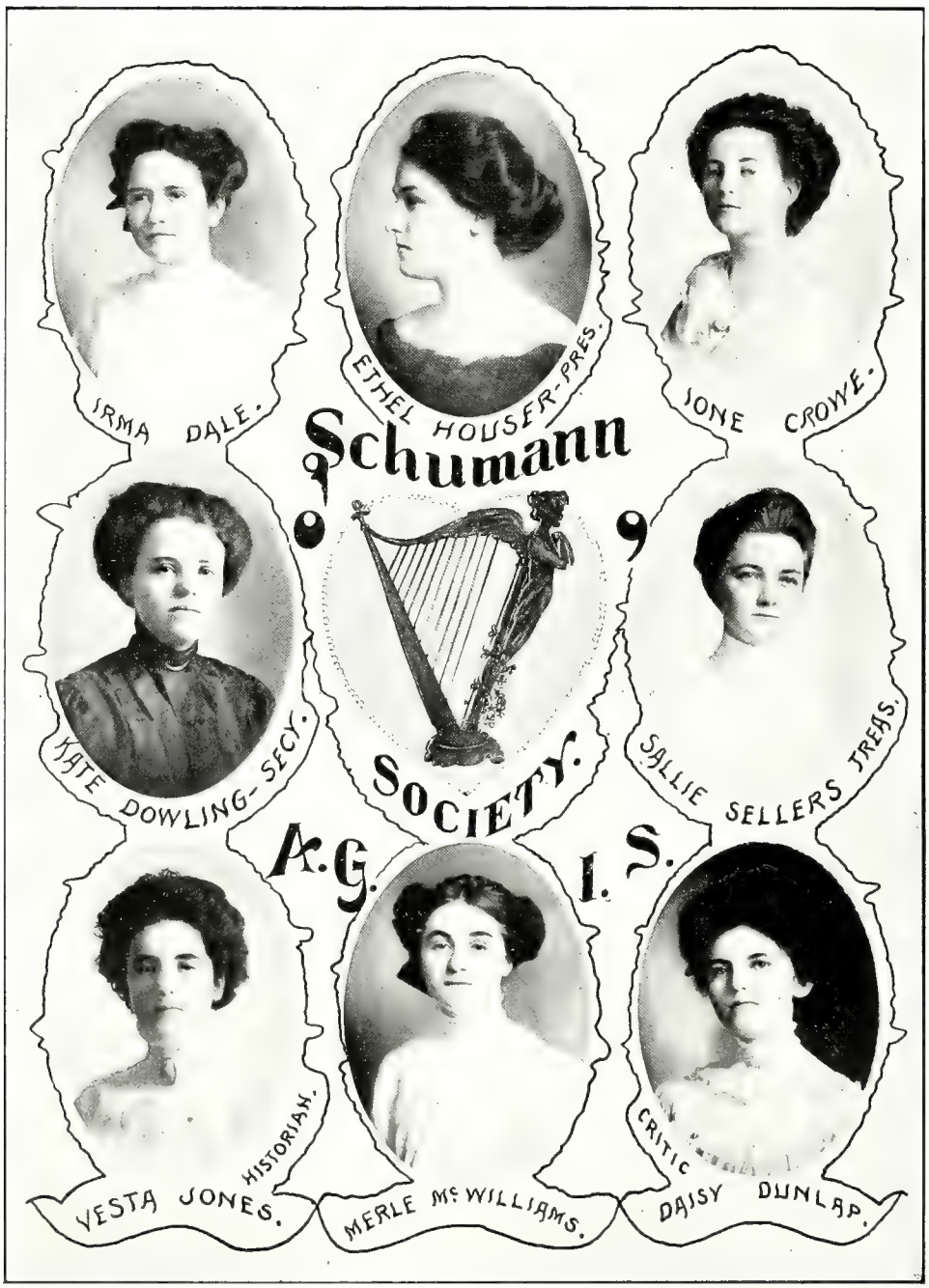
MOTTO: "Do your Best."

Officers

LUCILE ELLENBERG . . . . . President
MAMIE MERONEY . . . . . Vice-President
MARY PETERSON . . . . . Sec. and Treas.

Members

CROWE, IONE
CROSS, LORA
CROSS, VIVIAN
COMER, LILLIE MAY
DOWLING, LILLIE
DOWLING, CLAUDE
ELLENBERG, LUCILE
EDDINGS, LILLIE
FRASER, ANNIE CLAY
HARPER, NETTIE
HICKS, SADIE
HOOKER, NENA
ISLER, GLENNIE
KILLINGSWORTH, NORMA
KIRCHLER, BESSIE
KROELL, GEORGIA
KEYS, MAGGIE
LAWRENCE, JATIE
LYMAN, LAURA
MERONEY, MILDRED
MERONEY, MAMIE
NEWTON, IDA
PETERS, ELLA
PETERSON, MARY
POOLE, MITTIE
POOLE, ANNIE
RHODES, EFFIE
SANDERS, HELEN
THOMAS, LOUISE
TRUCKS, CLARA
THOMPSON, ANNIE LOU
WOOLEY, MARY
WOOLEY, LIZZIE
WILSON, MARY


Schumann
SOCIETY.
A. G. I. S.
IRMA DALE.
ETHEL HOUSER-PRES.
JONE CROWE.
KATE DOWLING-SECY.
SALLIE SELLERS TREAS.
VESTA JONES. HISTORIAN.
MERLE Mc WILLIAMS.
CRITIC
DAISY DUNLAP.

Schumann Society

COLORS
LILAC AND WHITE

MOTTO—Poco a Poco

FLOWER
LILAC

Officers

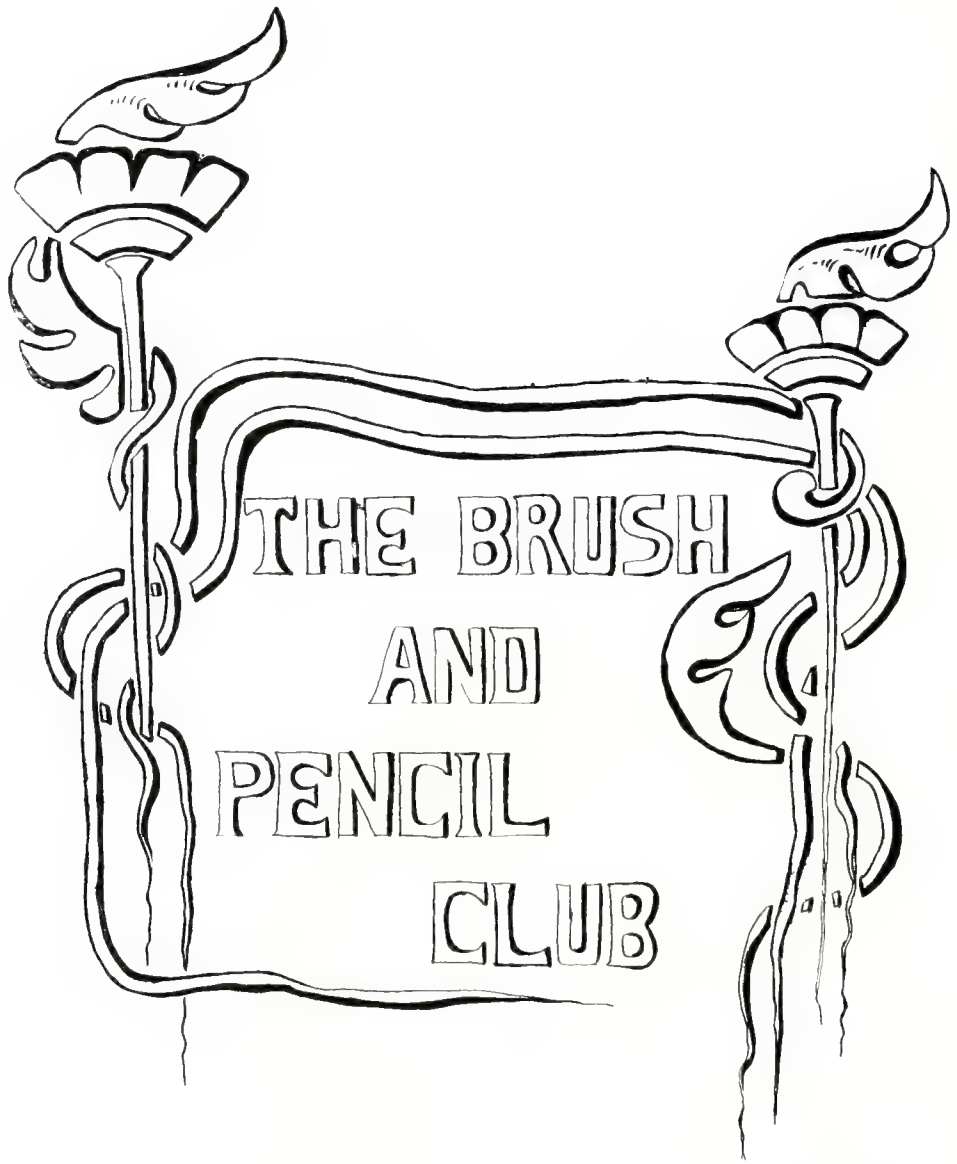
ETHEL HOUSER . . . . . President
MARGUERITE FISHER . . . . . Vice-President
KATE DOWLING . . . . . Secretary
SALLIE SELLERS . . . . . Treasurer
DAISY DUNLAP . . . . . Critic
VESTA JONES . . . . . Historian

Honorary Members

MISS BYRD MRS. W. P. MCCONAUGHY
MISS DALE MRS. DAVIES MISS MCCARY
MISS PINKSTON MISS FRANKLIN

Active Members

DALE, IRMA DUDLEY, PATTIE MAE
DUNLAP, DAISY DOWLING, KATE FISHER, MARGUERITE
FITZGERALD, ARLENE FRAZIER, ANNIE CLAY HOUSER, ETHEL
MOORE, MARGARET JONES, VESTA KING, REBECCA LYMAN, LAURA
MCWILLIAMS, MERLE SELLERS, SALLIE SELLERS, MAMIE
WATLINGTON, LULA



COLORS
BABY BLUE AND WHITE

FLOWER
FORGET-ME-NOT

Officers

MISS FANNIE ROSSON . . . . . President
MISS EMMA LONG . . . . . Vice-President
MISS LEOLA FAULK . . . . . Sec'y and Treas.
MISS LOUISE THOMAS . . . . . Historian
MISS MARY CAMERON . . . . . Critic

Members

Miss Bolton
Miss Mary Cameron
Miss Leola Faulk
Miss Lola Griswold
Miss Lee Hurst
Miss Sudie Kelly
Miss Emma Long
Mrs. T. W. Palmer
Miss Martha R. Pinkston
Miss M. S. Pinkston
Miss Mary Reedus
Miss Fannie Rosson
Miss Daisy Rowe
Miss Louise Thomas

SAINT
CECELIA
CLUB
1909
MARY PETERSON.
LILLA SMITH-PRES.
PANSY NASH-V.P.
GRACE STEELE.
FLORIDE POWELL-SEC'Y-TREAS.
LEOLA FRANK-HISTORIAN.
FLORENCE DIXON.
NONYE WALKER-CRITIC.
RUTH KYLE-MUSIC.
MILDRED MERONEY.
JENNIE SCRUGGS.
ETHEL WIMBERLY.
MAMIE MERONEY.
BUNNIE WILLS.

St. Cecelia Club

COLORS
PURPLE AND WHITE

FLOWER
VIOLET

MOTTO—B natural, B sharp, but don't B flat

Officers

Lilla Smith	President
Pansy Nash	Vice-President
Floride Powell	Secretary
Lola Griswold	Historian
Gracie Berry	Critic

Members

Allison, Nina Allison, Nell

Faulk, Leola Kyle, Ruth Lyon, Marguerite

Peterson, Mary Peters, Ella Rosson, Lucile Robins, Rosmond

Sellers, Annie Scruggs, Jennie Walker, Nonie

Wimberly, Ethel Wills, Bunnie

Ate Hoo Ate Club

COLORS
CHOCOLATE AND EGG

MOTTO—T. H. E.

FLOWER
CABBAGE HEAD

YELL

We are the twelve that spend the money,
And eat so much that we look real funny.

Honorary Members

MISS DAISY DUNLAP — MISS VESTA JONES

Officers

LAVADA SEALE . . . . . President	ALINE ROBERTSON . . . . . Hostess
MATTIE WILLIAMSON . . . . . Secretary	MARY ADAMS . . . . . Housekeeper
VIRGINIA DOUGLAS . . . . . Critic	BESSIE MOODY . . . . . Waiter
VIRGINIA SAVAGE . . . . . Chief Cook	MIRIAM BRICKMAN . . . . . Bottle Washer

NELL KENDRICK, KATHLEEN MOODY — Chief Eaters — BESSIE WATSON, INEZ GAY

Eating Club

COLORS
OLD GOLD AND BLACK

FLOWER
SUNFLOWER

MOTTO: "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you may die."

LYON, MARGURITE . . . . . "Lion"
ROBERTSON, ALINE . . . . . "Teddy Bear"
PINKSTON, EVELYN . . . . . "Pinkie"
CAMERON, MARY . . . . . "Ran"
ROSSON, LUCILE . . . . . "Lule"
MCWHORTER, VIRGINIA . . . . . "Chessie"
CARR, JOSIE . . . . . "Hoho"
ADAMS, MARY . . . . . "Eve"
CHANDLER, LOUISE . . . . . "Liza Seal"
GASTON, VELMA . . . . . "Elephant"
KYLE, RUTH . . . . . "Tommy"

Senior Kodak Klub

COLORS
PRISMATIC COLORS

FLOWER
SNAPDRAGON

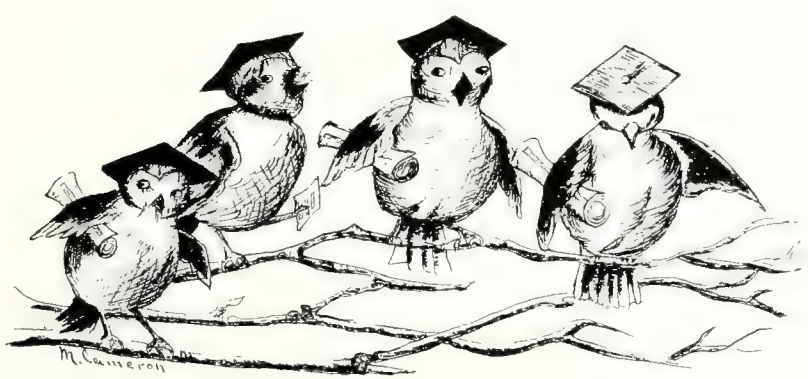
MOTTO: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The Glee Club

Members

Miss Lambert, Leader

Adams, Mary Adams, Nona
Berry, Gracie Coker, Return Cook, Alma Dunlap, Daisy
Fisher, Daisy Gaston, Velma Hill, Lillian Houser, Ethel Jones, Vesta
Kyle, Ruth
Lyon, Marguerite Moody, Bessie Neely, Winnie Davis Palmer, Stella
Seale, Lavada Sellers, Sallie Shaffer, Olive
McWilliams, Merle Walter, Roxie



Senior Basket Ball Team

MABEL GRAY . . . . . Manager
MARY SMITH . . . . . Secretary
MARY CAMERON . . . . . Captain

Members

CARNATHAN, HELEN — HALL, CORRIE
CROWE, IONE — SMITH, WINNIE
DAVIS, ELLEN — WILLIAMS, MYRA

MISS MARY YOUNG . . . . . Sponsor
MRS. E. G. GIVHAN . . . . . Matron of Honor
MISSES HALBERT, POYNER, BROOKE . . . . . Maids of Honor

Yell

Cac-a-lac, boom, Cac-a-lac, boom,
Cac-a-lac, Cac-a-lac, boom, boom, boom.
Ra, Ra, Rine. We are fine.
We are the class of 1909.

Senior Croquet Club

Members

EUNICE GAY, Manager

AGEE, PRUDIE — COLLINS, NELLIE

DIXON, FLORENCE — JONES, KATHLEEN — MOORE, MARGARET — MIMS, CLARA

Senior Tennis Club

Members

Emma Long, Manager

Baker, Lillian — Crowe, Ione — Jones, Mabel

Jones, Vesta — Killingsworth, Maude

McClurkin, Lillie

Junior Basket Ball Team

Members

EDITH PATTERSON, Captain

GRISWOLD, LOLA
GRADY, MARTHA
NASH, PANSY
BARTEE, HATTIE LEE
COCCIOLA, BIANCA
ROSS, MAMIE
SMITH, LILA
ELLENBERG, LUCILE

MISS ALICE WYMAN . . . . . Sponsor
MISSES MCCRORY, THOMPKINS, BOLTON, KETTELL . . . . . Maids of Honor

Sophomore Athletic Association

Members

Jean Williams, Captain

Adams, Hazel Allison, Nell Allison, Nina Baker, Irene,
Bragg, Mannye Burgess, Helen Cameron, Natalie Carr, Josie
Cargile, Mattie Chandler, Louise Cleveland, Irene
Darden, Nannie Dowling, Claude
Dupree, Fletcher
Fulgham, Elizabeth Hicks, Fay
Johnson, Nolie Mae
Kyle, Ruth Lining, Grace
Massey, Stella Morrison, Johnnie McWilliams, Merle
Sanders, Rhoda Seay, Annie Treadwell, Pattie
Walker, Nonie Walker, Olive Wills, Bunnie Wilson, Mary

Miss Merle Stephens . . . . . Sponser

Misses Kyle, McCary, McMahon and Lawhon . . . . . Maids of Honor

Freshman Basket Ball Team

Members

LEVADA SEALE, Captain

ADAMS, MARY	MAYFIELD, SADIE	SAVAGE, VIRGINIA	ROBERTSON, ALINE
HILL, LILLIAN	MOODY, BESSIE	SCRUGGS, JENNIE	WATSON, BESSIE

MISS IRENE LAMBERT . . . . . Sponsor
MISSES BROWN, HOLBROOK, HATCH . . . . . Maids of Honor

Yell

Chicho-lacka, Choco-lacka, sis! boom! ba!
Bimalacka, bomalacka, ra! ra! ra!
To the front we come,
We'll play ball some.
And with great speed,
We'll take the lead.

COLORS
OLIVE GREEN AND GOLD

Freshman Tennis Club

Members

Adams, Mary

Brickman, Miriam

Douglas, Virginia

Kendrick, Nell

Seale, Lavada

Reynolds, Annie

Watson, Bessie

Windham, Pearl

Unclassified Athletic Club

COLORS
OLIVE GREEN AND RED

Officers

MAGGIE CAMMACK . . . . . Captain
MERA NICKERSON . . . . . Manager

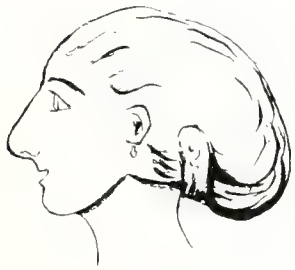
Members

BROOKE, MARION . . Center Guard
CAMMACK, MAGGIE . Right Field
FAULK, MATTIE . . . Right Field
HILL, GENA . . . . . Center
JACKSON, MERTIE . . Right Field
JOHNS, IDA . . . . . Left Field
JOHNS, MAUDE . . . Left Field
NEWTON, IDA . . . . Center Guard
ROBERTS, AGNES . . Left Field
VERMILLION, EFFIE . Goalman

MISS PETERSON . . . . . Sponser
MISSES ALLEN AND HENRY . . . . . Maids of Honor

Red Letter Dates

Wednesday, October 7—School Opens.
Saturday, October 10—Y. W. C. A. Reception.
Saturday, October 31—Hallowe'en Party.
Saturday, November 14—Spider Web Party.
Wednesday, November 25—Dedication of Y. W. C. A. Room.
Thursday, November 26—Thanksgiving Sermon by Rev. Mr. Lee.
Student Council Reception.
Saturday, November 28—Cabinet entertains Honorary Members of Y. W. C. A.
Saturday, December 12—Reading, "The Little Minister," Mr. Albert Armstrong.
Monday, December 14—Lecture, "Battle of Chancellorville," Colonel John.
Saturday, December 19—Lecture on Astronomy, Dr. Sayre.
Tuesday, December 22-31—Christmas Recess.
Wednesday, January 13—Lecture, "The Sunny Side of Life," Dr. James Hedley.
Tuesday, January 19—Address on R. E. Lee, Dr. Petrie.
Saturday, January 23—Mid-Year Examinations Begin.
Saturday, January 30—Post-Examination Frolic.
Monday, February 1—Second Term Begins.
Wednesday, February 3—Musicale by Merkel Concert Company.
Saturday, February 13—Dutch party.
Monday, February 15—Lecture—The Year Two Thousand.
Monday, February 22—Colonial Tea.
Saturday, March 6—Mrs. Wiggs Celebrates Lovey Mary's Birthday.
Thursday, March 11—Cartoonist, Ross Crane.
Friday, March 12-14—Alabama Student Conference.
Saturday, May 1—Recital, Oratory, Miss Ione Crowe.
Friday, June 4—Club Receptions.
Saturday, June 5—Annual Play. Alumnae Meeting.
Sunday, June 6—Commencement Sunday.
Monday, June 7—Meeting of Trustees.
Art Exhibit. Class Day.
Industrial Exhibit.



Some Montevallo Hair Dressing.

Grand Auction Sale

JUNE 8, 1909.

For Sale—One Emma Long, age 25, of mild nature, good tempered and easy to manage, provided you allow her to ornament everything with a paint brush. Who'll bid for the most valuable one of the bunch of '09? $5.00—going—going—$6.00—$7.00—$7.50—$8.00; going—$9.99—gone—gone—$9.99. Here she is. Take her, but see that you treat her kindly.

Bring the next one. Winnie Smith, best housekeeper in the crowd, best cook, best everything. What? $1.50—$2.00—$2.05—$2.49; going—$5.00—going—going—gone to the Manager of the Orphans' Home for $5.00.

Ladies and gentlemen, notice this specimen called Corrie Hall, age uncertain. When angry, a veritable curiosity. Buy her and show her to your friends. Cage thrown in with her. No one bid? What! 10 cents? Don't miss this opportunity. She's worth two bits—intelligent girl. Going at two bits—going—gone.

The class beauty, the wonder of the world, Helen Carnathan. Stand back. What! $500.00—$800.00—$900.00; going—going—$1,000.00—going—$1,000.00, gone.

Don't leave, ladies and gentlemen, several more besides this one, Eunice Gay. Walk around if you can't see and get a better view. Rather light and malicious at times, but not dangerous (when given her own way). Age unknown. Time is fast passing, friends. Won't any one bid? Goods for one dress will be given with her. Waiting—15 cents. Going—going; last chance—gone. Eunice Gay.

Next the black-eyed beauty, Kathleen Jones. Never let her see her image or she will be useless. Stubborn and hard to manage. No bidder? Chance of a lifetime! Don't miss it! Will pay you to take her. She won't sell. Ship her to Rockford C. O. D.

Who's next? Mabel Gray and Mary Smith. Ages once known, now forgotten. Slender, good athletes. Would make a great success in public schools! What, not a bid? Two good balls and a second-hand tennis racket thrown in! Do I hear 20 cents? Going—going—going—gone for 20 cents. Friend, you certainly hit a bargain.

Purdee Agee and Lillie McClurkin. Mathematical wonders. Never missed a sum in addition and are reasonably good in subtraction. Fairly good looking and would look better if well fed. Can it be possible that 5 cents is the highest bid? Going—going—going—gone to the A. P. I. boys for 5 cents.

Ione Crowe. Don't go, friends; I think we can keep her quiet. Very nice article to keep around if your neighbors have the borrowing fever; otherwise would advise that she be kept locked up and allowed to orate only on state occasions. Do I hear a bid? Ah! yes, Howard College bids $5.00. Wants visitors kept away from the dormitory. Capital idea, boys, but you ought to buy housekeepers. Ione Crowe—going—going—gone to Howard College for $5.00.

Margaret Moore. No, she isn't studying. Please excuse her lack of atten-

tion. We can't take those two pictures away from her. Chief fault, indecision and a love for the medical profession; otherwise, quite normal and capable of a great deal of mental work. Don't be impatient, friends. Stand back, children. No one bid? Quiet. Do I hear 35 cents? Yes, glad to get 35 cents. Gone—gone to Davis Infirmary for 35 cents.

Myra Williams, chief characteristic, beauty worship and an ardent admiration for golden hair and blue eyes, especially fond of Crums. Would be a good housewife if no mirrors were around. Won't any one buy? Hush! Do I hear a bid? All right, girls, send her to Greensboro at the expense of the Juniors.

Mary Cameron, noted far and wide for her religious piety. If she has any failing it is a weak spot for Montevallo. Would make a good preacher's wife. Have I a bid? Listen, friends, Owenton College bids $5.00 to have her act as an inspiration to the theological students. Shall I take it? Going—going—gone.

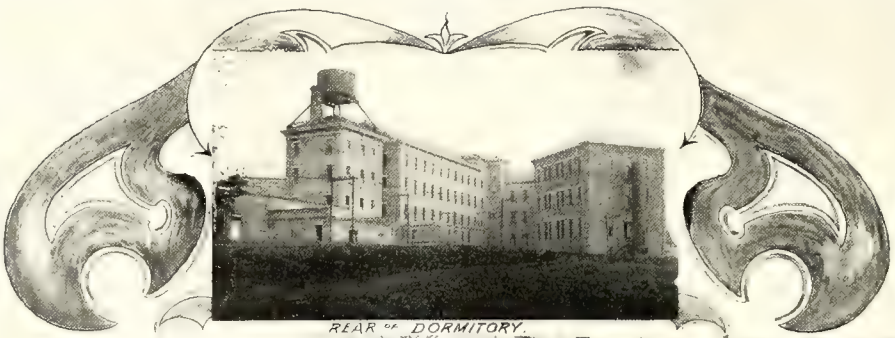
Maude Killingsworth, not quite as formidable as her name. Specially known for her originality. Will no one bid? No, then give her to Miss Young.

Wait, friends, don't be hasty. We're almost done. Nellie Collins, Clara Mims and Lillian Baker—a nicer bunch you'll never find. Pretty, smart and good cooks, every one of them. Have I a bid? 40 cents! No more? Going—going—gone to the Manager of the Salvation Army for 40 cents.

Wait, another one! Mabel Louise Jones, chief characteristic, a strong tendency to spend the holidays at Helena and a decided inclination to tend to other people's love affairs. Who'll buy? Have I a bid? 2 cents—is that all? Going—going—gone to Dr. Palmer to admire Thomas.

Florence Dixon. Do I hear a bid? 15 cents—is that all you can give? We want to make enough out of this sale to pay for the Annual. Don't everybody go but the Sophs. Sophs take back their bid. Oh, the recent panic! Well, girls, I suppose we'll have to give her to the Sophs.

Be patient; don't get restless. Only two more—Ellen Davis and Vesta Jones. Yes, they look smart, but that is an error they correct themselves. However, this is their most grievous fault. They are also a little the worse for wear, tear and rough usage during a long siege at Montevallo. Still they are guaranteed for a long career of usefulness in the culinary department, provided they are kept from the influence of outsiders. Do I hear a bid? What, no one bid for these two? In behalf of the A. G. I. S. I appeal to you. 9 cents—won't anybody raise it to ten? No. All right. Going—going—gone to the President of the A. G. I. S. to keep order.

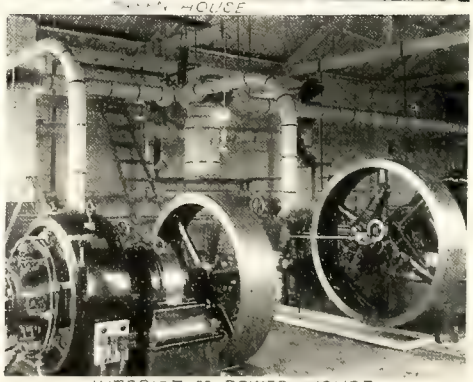


REAR OF DORMITORY.

LAUNDRY.

HOUSE

POWER HOUSE.



INTERIOR OF POWER HOUSE.

Seniors' Farewell.

THE END

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